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BORROWED PLUMES—MR. JACKDAW CONKLING.

EAGLE. "Perhaps you would like to pluck me."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1879.

☞ *With this issue of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive the sixth Number of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *containing another installment of* GEORGE MACDONALD'S *story, with an illustration by* FREDERICKS, *and other interesting stories, pictures, etc., for young readers.*

The seventh issue of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent out with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE MESSAGE.

THE President's Message has now been fully discussed, and it is not surprising that it is generally approved, for it is a frank and positive expression of opinion upon public questions, and it appeals strongly to the good sense and intelligence of the country. It was reported from Washington that some Republicans thought his plain-speaking "indiscreet;" and it is not strange that a Message which attempts to make no factitious capital of the Southern question, which recommends suspension of silver coinage, the withdrawal of redeemed greenbacks and the revocation of their legal-tender quality, and which urges the energetic prosecution of a real reform in the civil service, should be very distasteful to statesmen whose politics consist in sectional animosity. The financial views of the Message are admirable, and as the principles are clear, their statement is singularly simple. The warmest bimetallist does not deny that a cheaper metal would inevitably drive a dearer out of circulation, so that there would be a monometallic currency only. Those who desire a mixed currency of gold and silver which shall be of equivalent value, dollar for dollar, will see that with every fresh monthly coinage of two millions of silver dollars such a currency becomes more impracticable. So with the issue of legal-tender paper money, based wholly upon the credit and authority of the government. The President holds that, except in extreme emergency, this is totally without warrant in the Constitution, and that our duty and policy are evident. The withdrawal of such paper is a necessary step toward a safe and stable currency.

Under our system of party government the principles announced in a President's message should be regarded as the principles of the party that elected him, and the policy recommended as the policy of the party. A message treats of prominent questions, and the party is in power because of the public approval of the party's position upon those questions. The views of a message are not to be regarded, therefore, as the individual opinions of the President, who is the elected representative of party views, but, unless generally disclaimed by the leaders, they should be held to indicate the purpose of the party. No question is more immediately pressing than that of the currency and the finances in general; and if the position of the party of the Administration is not to be found in the message of the Executive, where shall it be found? The silence and evasion of party leaders upon this subject will only confirm the suspicion that the party has no principles upon a vital question, which is not a promising way to commend it to the confidence of the country. The President has indicated more than once the wise course for the Republican party to adopt in order to escape the dry-rot which besets all parties that have been long in power. He and his clean administration, with all the sharp criticism which has been levelled at it, have a strong hold of the public confidence, and undoubtedly the real desire of the country is that the present tendency of affairs shall not be disturbed. That tendency, financially, is to a steady currency, and it can be kept steady only in the manner indicated in the Message. When the renewal of business on this side of the sea, and the great drain of gold from Europe, have stimulated prices, and the current begins to set back toward Europe, a test which is plainly foreseen will be applied to our financial situation, and evil results can be avoided only by the application of equally clear principles. When the Republican party asks next year again to be intrusted with power, will it be content to rest its argument upon the assertion that it is no worse than the Democratic party? If upon great questions neither party has any principle or position, the voters will vote as usual. But it is dangerous for a party to have no other policy than that of maintaining the *statu quo*, because it is at the mercy of a new party with a purpose, or of an old party with courage.

There has been no message for a long time which is so acceptable to those Republicans who hold that their party is really the party of sound financial principle, of sectional moderation, and of reform. Those opponents who insist upon confounding Republicanism with "Belknappery and Babcockery, Whiskey Rings and Washington jobs," are bound to reflect that while every dominant party must be held responsible for many offenses, yet that this Administration, and the Republican opinion and character which sustain it, are the earnest of a hopeful and progressive vitality in the party, which the Democratic party does not afford. There is nothing in the Message which the soundest and most courageous Republicans will not approve, and we do not see that there is anything to which intelligent and patriotic Democrats could demur. Is not that fact suggestive of the situation? Does it not show that timidity is not the true Republican policy? The remarks in the Message upon reform of the civil service we consider elsewhere.

THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

THE President devotes a large space in the Message to the question of reform in the civil service, but it is not larger than should be devoted to a question which he has always declared to be of paramount importance. Its importance, also, is recognized not only by a great body of intelligent people, but it is emphatically declared by leading journals. The New York *Times* has long been one of the ablest and most powerful advocates of reform; and the New York *Herald* says of the President's treatment of the question, "His position on this subject is so obviously right and wise that he can afford to disregard the obloquy of trading politicians, and keep alive the efforts which, if they do not succeed in his time, must ultimately succeed if we are to save our free institutions." The President begins the discussion by alluding to the history, or report, of Mr. EATON upon the English experience of reform—a history which we mentioned two weeks ago, and which will be issued immediately by the HARPERS in book form. With great clearness and force and discrimination the Message states the principles upon which the reform proceeds, and incidentally but conclusively disposes of the objection that if the system be sound, it should include every officer in the service. It has been often said that it is grossly inconsistent with sound principles that a cabinet officer should take an active part in politics, if Custom-house inspectors and Post-office clerks are prohibited. This misconception deserves a moment's attention.

There is an evident distinction between political and non-political officers of the government. The great mass of places are wholly non-political, and it is to these that the rules of appointment by proved merit apply. Obviously they can not apply to elective offices, nor to those of the cabinet, because these all represent political policies and opinions. But the great multitude of subordinate officers have fixed administrative duties, whatever policy prevails, or whatever party is in power. They are immediately responsible to official superiors, whom it is their duty to obey. When a party is successful at the polls, its leaders are called to the administration of the government upon principles which they have publicly maintained, and while in power and carrying out those principles they are at proper times the legitimate defenders of the principles and measures of their own Administration. Thus in England Lord BEACONSFIELD and the Marquis of Salisbury and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who are the present chiefs of administration, address the people everywhere in its explanation and defense. But the Collector of Liverpool and the Postmaster of Glasgow are not expected to do the same thing, because their positions are in no sense representative; they are posts of subordinate administration, and whatever the result at the polls, whether the party in power goes on or goes out, those officers remain. "I would no more permit," said Mr. CALHOUN, in 1846—and no statesman in the country ever had stronger convictions upon this subject—"I would no more permit the Chief Magistrate of a country to displace those who are charged with mere ministerial offices, without cause, on party grounds, than I would permit him to divest them of their freeholds; the power to divest them of the one is calculated to make them as servile and dependent as the power to divest them of the other." It was no violation of sound principles that the Secretary of the Treasury should speak in Maine, or Ohio, or New York—although for other reasons it was manifestly improper in New York—but it was an absolute violation of such principles that he should formally authorize the Appraiser of the port of New York to take part in the canvass. The reason is that the appraisership is in no sense whatever a political office, and the active participation of appraisers and collectors and postmasters in the management of politics necessarily confutes that idea, and baffles reform. If the patronage of appointment were taken absolutely from such officers, so that they could in no possible way exercise illicit influence, the matter might be left to their good sense, for then they would be politically precisely like other and unofficial citizens, and public opinion and a just sense of propriety would serve as adequate restraints.

The President sketches the progress of opinion and of measures looking to reform by a system of appointments, not by personal favor or political influence, but by the merit of applicants, determined by competitive examination. That is the key of reform. Nothing but an honest competition under reasonable tests will abolish the evil system which corrupts politics, and degrades both the service and official character. This point is conceded by all intelligent and thorough students of the subject; and as both the practicability and efficiency of such a test are sharply denied, the President might have laid even much stronger emphasis upon the fact that they have both been conclusively demonstrated in the great public offices in New York. Since the adoption of the new system last April no appointment has been made in the Collector's or Naval Office of the Custom-house, for instance, to which the rules apply, except in pursuance of their perfectly honest enforcement. Nothing is more untrue than that the rules are pretexts to cover favoritism. The President may therefore justly allege that the practicability of appointment by tested merit instead of influence is no longer an open question. We need not repeat what we have recently said of Executive inconsistencies in prosecuting the reform. But no such inconsistency can affect the cogency of the argument in the Message, nor the actual results which have been accomplished. They remain; and whether the next Administration shall continue or abandon the excellent work, all that has been done and is now doing will not be lost. The great advance already made is that the practicability of an incontestably sound principle has been conclusively demonstrated, and the ultimate reform, however interrupted and thwarted, can not be baffled.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF "THE MACHINE."

THE recent letter of Mr. GEORGE BLISS upon the Republican District Associations in the city of New York is very amusing reading. Impracticable and visionary people have been told contemptuously for a long time that "organization" is indispensable, and that to complain of "a machine," which merely means "organization," is childish folly, tending to bring in a régime of Southern brigadiers. But Mr. BLISS, who knows all about a machine, says that it does not mean organization, but fraud; and orators who, knowing nothing of practical politics, have exhorted everybody to believe that "regularity" is good enough for an imperfect world, may profitably read Mr. BLISS's letter with a view of learning something of subjects upon which they are more fluent than wise. They will learn from this letter precisely what the "organization" is which they extol so warmly. They will also see the absurdity of their advice to the virtuous to attend the primaries, and if they can not help things there, to submit, thanking God, with true Dogberry wisdom, that they are rid of a great deal of trouble. They will further comprehend how it is that a ring of professional politicians controls a great party, and how "regularity" means the will of the ring, and not the wishes or the policy of the party.

Mr. BLISS says nothing which has not been often said; but it has a peculiar zest from him, because he would probably despise nothing more than the imputation of being a "reformer." Indeed, he remarks mysteriously at the end of his letter that he has but a single regret in writing it, and that is that his exposure of "the rottenness of the organization" may encourage those with whom he has no sympathy, and those with whom he has no sympathy, we are afraid, are the reformers. His letter has the further value that his statements will be believed, and will not be supposed to be inventions of those who do not know. Mr. BLISS does know. A great many people know. But nobody of Mr. BLISS's precise connection with local politics has made such painful allegations. A few facts will be serviceable to the Republican citizens of the State beyond the city, who see the Convention substantially controlled every year by the city delegation. It is well that such citizens should understand that the city delegation does not represent the Republican voters of the city, but is the tool of a few professional politicians. There are about 50,000 Republican voters in the city, and there are twenty-four associations. Membership is essential to voting for delegates to a Convention, and of the 50,000 voters, about 13,335 are enrolled upon the lists of the associations. But the lists are not annually revised, so that they bear the names of the dead, and of those who have removed or who have withdrawn. It is doubtful if some associations have any roll whatever, and such is the confusion and trickery that of the whole 13,335 or more names, not 6000 should be there. There are plenty of Democratic names upon the lists, and no Republican name can be placed on them except by the consent of the managers. These managers, although Mr. BLISS does not mention it, were until recently dependents of the Custom-house and the public offices, and the same ring still retains the control of the machine, "tiding over," awaiting a restoration of the late régime. Elections in these associations are "conducted with conspicuous unfairness," of which Mr. BLISS furnishes some amusing illustrations. It may have sometimes surprised delegates to Conventions from the rest of the State that in the New York city delegation there were so few of the many eminent Republicans of the city. The reason is that such delegates would not be tools of a ring, and they are therefore not chosen.

Of the elections in these associations Mr. BLISS says that the "henchmen" know "that they can commit all sorts of frauds, that to obtain complete proof of them is very difficult, and that on an appeal to the Central Convention, or a Convention called under its auspices, the contest will be decided with an utter disregard of right that can only be equalled by a Democratic House of Representatives, and that those who send obsequious representatives to the Central Committee and to Conventions have little to fear." This is the familiar way in which the city delegation is elected; that delegation is large enough to control the Convention, and its action is wholly directed by the managers. As a representation of the Republicans of the city of New York, therefore, the delegation is simply ludicrous. Yet this system of fraud is the machine which the ignorant call "organization," and the will of this machine constitutes "regularity." As the *Times* has pointed out, the basis of the whole structure is patronage. The "rounders" and "boys" and henchmen of every degree who man the primaries, and keep voters from the polls, and trade in tenement votes, and do all the dirty work which the managers do not care personally to do, have been hitherto supported by the public money in the form of official salaries. They have been appointed to the public service for doing this kind of work. The Republicans borrowed the practice from the Democrats. It is the Tammany plan, which for fifty years has been held by machine politicians to be indispensable to party success—a view which has been entirely disproved by the experience of England. The moral is plain. The machine will be broken up, and a legitimate organization made possible, only by abolishing patronage, or appointment by favor and influence. Mr. BLISS thinks that Mr. ARTHUR can remedy the abuse, and drolly appeals to him to do it. Mr. BLISS's sense of humor must be deeply gratified by his own appeal. It is not by the favor of a single Republican that the notorious abuses which Mr. BLISS's letter depicts will be corrected, but by the quiet determination of individual Republican voters at the polls that they will not submit to them.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

THE Report of the Secretary of the Interior is very interesting, and it discusses the Indian question very fully. There was no department in worse odor than that of the Interior at the accession of Mr. CHANDLER, and Mr. SCHURZ's integrity, energy, and ability have produced the most excellent results. He is a man not only of statesman-like views, but of the courage of his convictions, and of implicit trust in principles. His spirit and force have been felt throughout the administration of his department, and nowhere more than in the Indian Bureau. The Secretary denies absolutely that the administration is without an Indian policy. On the contrary, he states in detail what his purposes are, and his measures, in his judgment, all tend to their accomplishment. We published some weeks since a letter from a prominent gentleman in one of the Territories who has devoted great attention to the Indian question. He is singularly qualified to speak upon the subject, and his letter showed that while he heartily approves the purpose of the Interior Department, he differs with it as to methods. The Secretary defines the ultimate object to be the civilization of the Indians, and their incorporation and absorption into the general population of the country. This object is being gradually attained in the Indian Territory, where, however, even under the most favorable conditions, progress is slow, and where the Indians, even the Cherokees,

who are the most advanced, are not yet ready for the holding of land in severalty—a measure which would result in exile and pauperism, and the arrest of civilization.

The Indians of the plains are shrewd savages. Like all barbarians, they respect visible power, and the display of force in treating with them is a humane policy. As we write, the White River Utes, who have just massacred Major THORNBURGH's command, are conferring with a peace commission of half a dozen of our citizens. The Ute warriors had been confounded by the sudden appearance of General MERRITT and his troops after an extraordinarily rapid march, and, as winter is approaching, they retreated. The Secretary concedes that the original offense in this instance did not come from us; but General MERRITT, whose arrival arrested the Ute attack, instead of punishing them, was withdrawn, from fear of harm to the captives held by the Indians, and the situation now is the commission of half a dozen surrounded by some six or eight hundred Ute warriors, and General MERRITT two hundred miles away. What possible conclusion can the Utes draw but that the Government is afraid of them? And how could the presence of General MERRITT's troops with the commission have affected the negotiations injuriously? If it should be said that the Utes would not come to treat if troops were present, the reply is that had troops been present at first there would have been nothing to treat about. Great Britain, we are told, manages these things better. But the policy of Great Britain is to show that she has the power to enforce her will. It is because we avoid showing that power that we hear so often of massacres and impending Indian wars. General CROOK's recent letter asserts that Indian troubles generally begin on our side. When that is true, they begin either in the rascalities of traders, who are generally outlaws from civilization, and who infest the neighborhood of the agencies, as Secretary SCHURZ describes them upon the edges of the Ute Reservation, selling arms and ammunition to the Indians; or from the failure of supplies at the agencies, and the consequent suffering of the Indians. Now if near every agency, instead of an agent and half a dozen helpless civilians only, there was a military force, the rascalities would be summarily suppressed, and end, and the supplies would be as sure as they are at the military posts. The crowd of Indian traders and agents are bent upon making money, and the Indians consequently suffer. The army is not bent upon making money. But while the troubles which begin on our side are chiefly due to the present system of management, there are troubles which begin with the Indians. When the grass springs, groups of young men, instinctively restless for excitement, slip away from the reservation, and descend upon a village, or a ranch or farm, one or two hundred miles away, steal horses, burn houses, and kill people, and return to the reservation. Even if the agent knows that they have gone, and knows when they return, what can he do? He can not arrest or punish. But when the irritation produced by the raids bursts into war, the soldiers are summoned to interfere; they are ambushed and massacred, and at great cost of life and money they subdue an outbreak which they could have prevented without any loss whatever.

Those who agree with the Secretary that the great object of the Indian policy must be the ultimate civilization of the savages, differ with him as to methods, and hold that the surest, most humane, and least costly method is first of all to secure just treatment to the Indians, as it is not and can not be secured by the present civilian system, and then to prove to them that we have the power to enforce our will, as we do not prove it to them now. There is no doubt that the present control of the Department of the Interior is vigorous and honest, that many abuses have been corrected, and that the old Indian system is managed as well as it can be. But we can not resist the conviction that the character of the officers of the army offers a much better guarantee of the prompt correction of the abuses of which the Indians justly complain, than the character of Indian traders and agents and dealers of every kind. Granting the strongest allegation that can be made, that the Indian troubles spring from the cheating and outrage and wanton injustice of the whites, official and unofficial, with whom the Indians come in contact, the question is whether officers of the army would be guilty of such cheating, outrage, and injustice. When criminals and scoundrels have provoked an Indian rising, those officers are called to suppress it. Why not authorize them to prevent it? Place the Indians upon reservations, scrupulously observe the conditions that we impose, keep the white settlers off as sternly as the Indians are kept in, punish white and red offenders promptly and equally, feed and clothe the Indians faithfully, cut off from them gunpowder and whiskey by summary suppression of the traffic in both, and the beginning of civilization will be possible.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."

THE *Young People*, the new illustrated weekly for boys and girls, has been welcomed with such prodigious favor on all sides, so many copies have been eagerly demanded, and contributions of every kind have flowed into the editor's box so plentifully, that there can be no doubt that it has "met a felt want," and that upon their side the publishers must fitly recognize the great success. They propose, therefore, beginning with the Christmas number—that for December 23, 1879—to double the size of *Young People*, and increase the beauty of its appearance by a new and larger type, and by these changes, and by a greater variety of contents and of illustration than is now possible, to make the new boys' and girls' weekly still more worthy of the astonishing favor which it has received. The publishers promise—and it is a kind of promise which they have always been known faithfully to keep—that they will spare no pains or expense to make it the most entertaining and attractive popular weekly for young readers in the country. They announce also that the subscription price for a year will be but $1 50, and that for the year 1880 it will be furnished to every yearly subscriber to the *Weekly*, from the first number in January, upon receipt of five dollars for both. We know of no way in which at this holiday season young people can make themselves more agreeable to other young people than by presenting them this *Young People* for a year.

THE POMPEY STONE.

THE Dighton Rock, with its mysterious inscriptions, is famous, and draws many a pilgrim toward "Taunton, good Lord!" But how many of our gentle readers have heard of the Pompey Stone? It is merely the natural and modest name of a stone which was found at Watervale, in the township of Pompey, in the county of Onondaga, in the State of New York, and upon which is the inscription VI. 1520. The ground around it is full of Indian relics—arrows, hatchets, pistols, gun-barrels, swords, and medals. But the Albany *Evening Journal* says that DE WITT CLINTON found no evidence for European relics of an earlier date than that of the French colonists who settled in Onondaga in 1654, and left in 1669. The Pompey Stone, however, is dated nearly a century earlier.

Dr. HENRY A. HOMES, the State Librarian, and an accomplished and accurate scholar, in a recent discourse upon the antiquities of Central New York, before the Oneida Historical Society, gives his views upon the Pompey Stone. There have been several amusing interpretations of the inscription, suggestive of the celebrated inscription described in the Pickwick annals, which was finally resolved into Bil Stumps his mark. But Dr. HOMES, instead of supposing that the word LEO upon the stone means Pope LEO X. of that date, proposes the natural and simple explanation that it is a memorial stone of some European, probably a Spaniard, who had been captured with others by the Indians, and who had been adopted, as was often the case, as members of the tribe. When he died, his companion or companions carved the stone, which they placed upon his grave, with his name and the month and year of his death.

It is, perhaps, an objection to this natural and probable explanation that similar stones are not known. But that, of course, is not conclusive, and it is for those who object to Dr. HOMES's explanation to propose one more plausible. If he be correct, the Pompey Stone, as the *Journal* remarks, is the earliest monument in the State of New York attesting the presence here of Europeans. It is interesting, also, as marking the year in which LUTHER burned Pope LEO's bull.

BORDEAUX WINE.

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Times* recently wrote a very entertaining letter upon Bordeaux wines, full of interesting statistics as well as of lively humor. Great wine firms have in their cellars wines to the value of two or three millions of dollars. One house, for instance, had, when the letter was written, 2,000,000 bottles and 40,000 casks of wine. Only a third of the stock annually leaves the cellar, because the wine is stored for three years for proper ripening. The Bordeaux wines are classified by vintages, of which there are five classes. The first class, the blue blood of the Bordeaux, contains but the three illustrious names, Château-Lafitte, Château-Margaux, and Château-Latour. There are three inferior classes below the fifth.

The price of each of the highest class is the same, for neither proprietor will sell cheaper than the others. Margaux of '78 is waiting for Lafitte to fix its price, and Lafitte hopes for 6000 francs per tun. Between the first and second classes is the Mouton-Rothschild, averaging from 2400 to 2800 francs, and the second class brings from 1600 to 1800 francs, and the fifth about 1000. There are good and bad years, and the wines of 1874 "are the great and unquestionable wines." There were 2,000,000 bottles of them. But the year being once famous, a great many more than 2,000,000 bottles are annually drunk—a fact which recalls DICKENS's remark at the country hotel: "Your only choice is the name of the wine, the wine remaining the same."

The Duc d'Aumale, when a young man, ordered his regiment to present arms as it passed the Château Margaux; and our lively correspondent describes the rites of "tasting," which are due to an admiration as fervent as the Duc's: "The true Bordelais gets a cellar of constant and fresh temperature. On the day of the dinner he selects his wine, brings it up into his dining-room, where it remains some hours to get the temperature of the room, decants it himself, being careful to hold the bottle in the same direction as it had in the cellar, and throws away all that is not absolutely transparent. Only then does he offer it to his guests. But the art of drinking the wine is unknown except at Bordeaux, for with the Bordelais it is an art, and it is quite a sight to witness the operation. The butler, with a serious air, announces, on pouring it, 'Château-Giscourt,' or 'Lascombe,' or 'Margaux of 1849.' The guest silently takes the glass between his thumb and forefinger, raises it to a level with his eye, and with a slight movement of the elbow gives the liquid a rotatory motion. This sets free the aroma. He sniffs the perfume circulating on the edge of the glass, looks at the ruby color scintillating in the glass, then drinks it off deliberately in small installments. Silence follows; the guests look at each other; the host has an anxious air, awaiting the verdict; then opinions are given in turn in a serious tone, and the wealth of adjectives at the command of a Bordelais is revealed. If the judgment is unfavorable, the wine is declared *rebelle, dur, sans âme, déplaisant, choquant, antipathique, impératif*, and I heard my neighbor, a man of weight and wit, describe the wine we were drinking as *muet*. If, on the contrary, the judgment is favorable, eyes sparkle, and the wine is styled *aimable, gracieux, séduisant, passionné, élégant, riche, fier, grand, beau, doux, parfumé, insinuant, coquet, ravissant, incomparable, plein d'amour*. 'But, madam,' said I to the lady next me, 'since your husband gives such adjectives to wine, what does he use to you to express his affection?' 'Well,' she replied, 'he calls me Lafitte, 1848.'"

THE ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON AND THE SCHOOLS.

THE Roman Catholic Archbishop WILLIAMS, of Boston, has authorized a statement of his views in regard to the school question which may be regarded as the platform of moderate men of his Church. The statement somewhat modifies the first report of his position, and it is plain that he does not contemplate any extreme warfare upon the public-school system, as was alleged. Probably the prelate wishes that Father SCULLY had not raised the question, both because it is not advantageous to his Church that it should be raised, and because he has been compelled virtually to censure Father SCULLY by saying that no priest can publicly refuse the sacraments of his Church to any member reasonably applying for them, except in "the rare and exceptional cases of public scandalous sinners." The archbishop also announces that "public denunciation of individuals or of designated classes is strictly forbidden to priests of this diocese."

These are reasonable and timely declarations. The archbishop, of course, favors the establishment of Roman Catholic schools, but where there are no suitable schools of that kind, parents may send their children to the public schools rather than suffer them to grow up in ignorance, taking especial care in the mean time of their religious education; and if the parent and priest differ as to the propriety of sending a child to the public school, the question must be referred to the bishop, and his "decision will govern the conduct of both pastor and parent."

This last regulation, although strictly according to the discipline of the Roman Church, is very queer reading for an American. In case of a law of compulsory education, such a regulation might give trouble. When the State threatened to compel the parent to send his child to school, and the Church menaced him with the Divine wrath if he did send him, the conflict between Church and State would be well defined. But without any such law the average American citizen would look with a good deal of dangerous amusement in his eyes upon any other man who should undertake to dictate to him where he should send his children to school. The archbishop's authorized statement, however he may regret the necessity of making it, is a very judicious document. It has a broad margin.

PERSONAL.

MR. JOHN M. BRODHEAD, of Washington, proposes to be liberal in his own way, *i. e.*, he offers to give to the town of South Newmarket, New Hampshire, a library worth $10,000, on condition that the town shall take its old name of Newfield.

—The Rev. Dr. HEPWORTH, of this city, writes from Paris that he has had an interview with Father HYACINTHE on religious matters, and gives as the result that F. H. is not a Protestant except as protesting against abuses in the Church of Rome. He is still a Catholic, conducts a Catholic service, and holds essentially to the theology of Rome.

—The wide-awake editor of the Boston *Evening Transcript* made a decided hit when he instituted the "Causerie" column in his lively paper. The brilliant paragraphs on every subject under the sun that have appeared daily under this head have been read by thousands, and copied by other journals all over the country. So great was their popularity that Mr. HOVEY has been induced to collect the choicest of them in a little volume, which Messrs. ROBERTS BROTHERS have just published. The book will undoubtedly have a large sale, as there is not a dull page between its covers. The sharpest wit, the broadest humor, the keenest satire, and great practical common-sense run through it from beginning to end. Every one who reads it will recommend it to his neighbor.

—The recent gift of elegant books by Dr. MAGOON, of Albany, to Cardinal McCLOSKEY is interesting from the fact that many years ago, when Dr. McCLOSKEY was Bishop of Albany, Dr. MAGOON made his acquaintance, and found in him a very genial companion, and the two, both deeply interested in art and ancient learning, became attached friends. Though widely separated in religious faith, they found a point of union in culture and tastes, and while people who did not know them well marvelled at the friendship, such as knew them best understood it easily. Dr. MAGOON was indifferent to the gossip which betook itself to busy travel about the city, and the friendship of that time has continued down to the present.

—Lord DERBY, who has recently formally allied himself to the Liberal party of England, has an income of $3,000,000 a year—one of the largest in Europe. Before he succeeded to the earldom his allowance as an eldest son was $60,000 a year. He himself says that he was richer before he came into the estates than he is now—a wild but pleasant paradox. He is the head of the STANLEYS—a name which has shone again and again with singular brightness in English history, and has been inscribed by immortal writers in the pages of English literature. The Earldom of Derby is the oldest but one (Shrewsbury) in England, dating from 1485, when HENRY VII. conferred it on THOMAS, Lord STANLEY, as the meed of his treason to RICHARD III.

—Speaking of a curious party who figures in the British army—General CREALOCK—the London *World* says: "When he joined the column to take command, he appeared in camp dressed more artistically than in uniform. A broad wide-awake hat and a feather; and suspended to his belt by chains and swivels, as is the fashion with officers campaigning nowadays, knives of all sorts, a compass, a corkscrew, a drinking cup, and other knickknacks. Says one blue jacket to his mate, as they were oiling a Gatling, ''Ere's a rummy-looking bloke, Jack; if we'd only a few wax candles, we'd darned soon turn him into a Christmas tree.'"

—Speaking of Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, who is now in this city, London *Truth* says that in no country except England would such a man be allowed to remain in political obscurity. "Elsewhere he would be forced by electors to accept the position of a legislator. Here alone is a gentleman, who is perhaps the first journalist of the country, without any assured political status. This is, it must be admitted, more due to the anonymity of our ablest press writers than to any fault of the public. For my part, I would have every man of note who writes a leading article sign it with his name. We should not then have literary men of ripe thought and experience mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for newspaper 'sweaters.'"

—Earl GROSVENOR has given to Mr. WILLIAM BRADFORD, the artist, an order for two pictures, for which he is to pay $18,000. One will be a scene in the arctic region, the other a Yosemite picture.

—There are now over one hundred persons living in San Francisco worth over a million of dollars. Mr. MACKEY, one of the foremost of the wealthy men of the world, is only forty-four years old, and was born in Dublin. He came to New York when a boy, and worked in the shipyard of WILLIAM H. WEBB, in one of whose vessels he went to California in 1852. It was in 1863 that he made a substantial start financially, with a brother of Governor WALKER, of Virginia. Though numbering his wealth by millions, Mr. MACKEY spends a great portion of his time deep down in his mines.

—The Rev. JAMES TRIPP, rector of Spofforth, England, who died a few days since at the age of ninety-two, spent hours daily in the saddle up to within a few weeks of his death. Cardinal MANNING was formerly his curate.

—A notable veteran has just died in England, General WILLIAM CROKAT, aged ninety-two years, who enjoyed a special pension. He served in Sicily in 1807; in Portugal in 1808, under Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY; in Spain and at Corunna under Sir JOHN MOORE; in the Walcheren expedition in 1809; subsequently in the Peninsula. He had charge of NAPOLEON at St. Helena when he died, and he brought home the dispatches of his death. He had received four war medals for gallantry in action.

—HENRY TAWA SELWYN, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, son of MEDICINE COW, a prominent chief of the Yankton tribe, was recently ordained and installed pastor of the Presbyterian church at Yankton Agency, Dakota Territory. Lieutenant-General SHERIDAN is credited with the remark that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." Let us hope that the Rev. Mr. SELWYN will practically refute the warrior's statement.

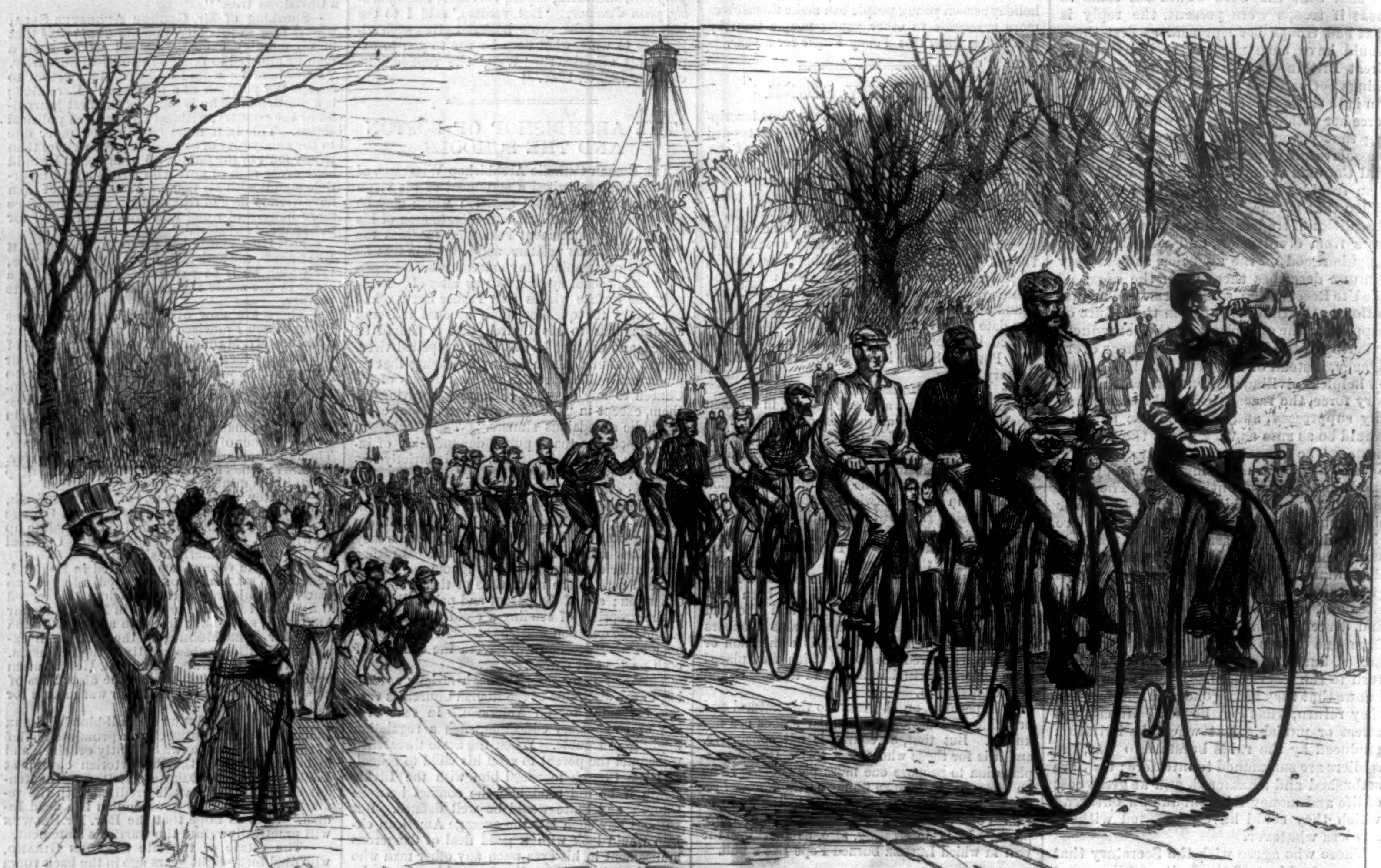
—The estate of the late STEPHEN GIRARD, who died forty-eight years ago in the back room of his plain little house in Philadelphia, has been so managed that, according to the last annual report of the trustees, the college has up to the present time received and educated 2382 orphans, and has indentured 908 boys to suitable occupations. The Girard estate in the city of Philadelphia consists of public buildings, private residences, squares, wharves, etc., of great value, all in thorough repair, and quite productive. Out of the city the estate possesses coal lands, the product of which has increased from a little over 40,000 tons in 1863 to nearly 1,000,000 in 1878. The income of this vast estate, constantly increasing, goes entirely to the education of the orphan boys of Pennsylvania.

—Mr. EDMUND YATES, one of the most popular and successful of English journalists, comes of good stock. His grandfather was a City merchant. He had four sons, two of whom became generals in the East India Company's service, one the leading physician of Brighton, and the youngest (E. Y.'s father) obtained a commission in the Commissariat. He was very fond of amateur theatricals, and decided, upon the advice of CHARLES MATHEWS the elder, to quit the army and go on the stage. He played at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and was for many years manager of the Adelphi. Mr. EDMUND YATES is in his forty-ninth year. At sixteen he became a clerk in the Secretary's Department of the General Post-office, and eventually became head of the Missing Letter Department, which office he held till 1872, when he retired. While in office he fulfilled many important and delicate duties, due measurably to his knowledge of foreign languages. During all this time he did not neglect literature, but contributed constantly to the leading daily, weekly, and monthly publications of London. He came to this country in 1872 by the advice of CHARLES DICKENS, and achieved a great social and professional success. In 1875 he started the *World*, which took England by storm, and is now the most generally read and by far the most widely quoted weekly publication published in Europe.

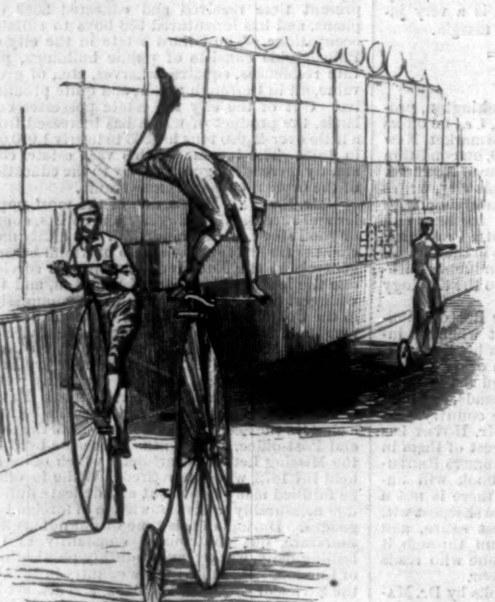
EASY ENOUGH—WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.

COASTING.

TAKING A HEADER.



ON BELMONT AVENUE.

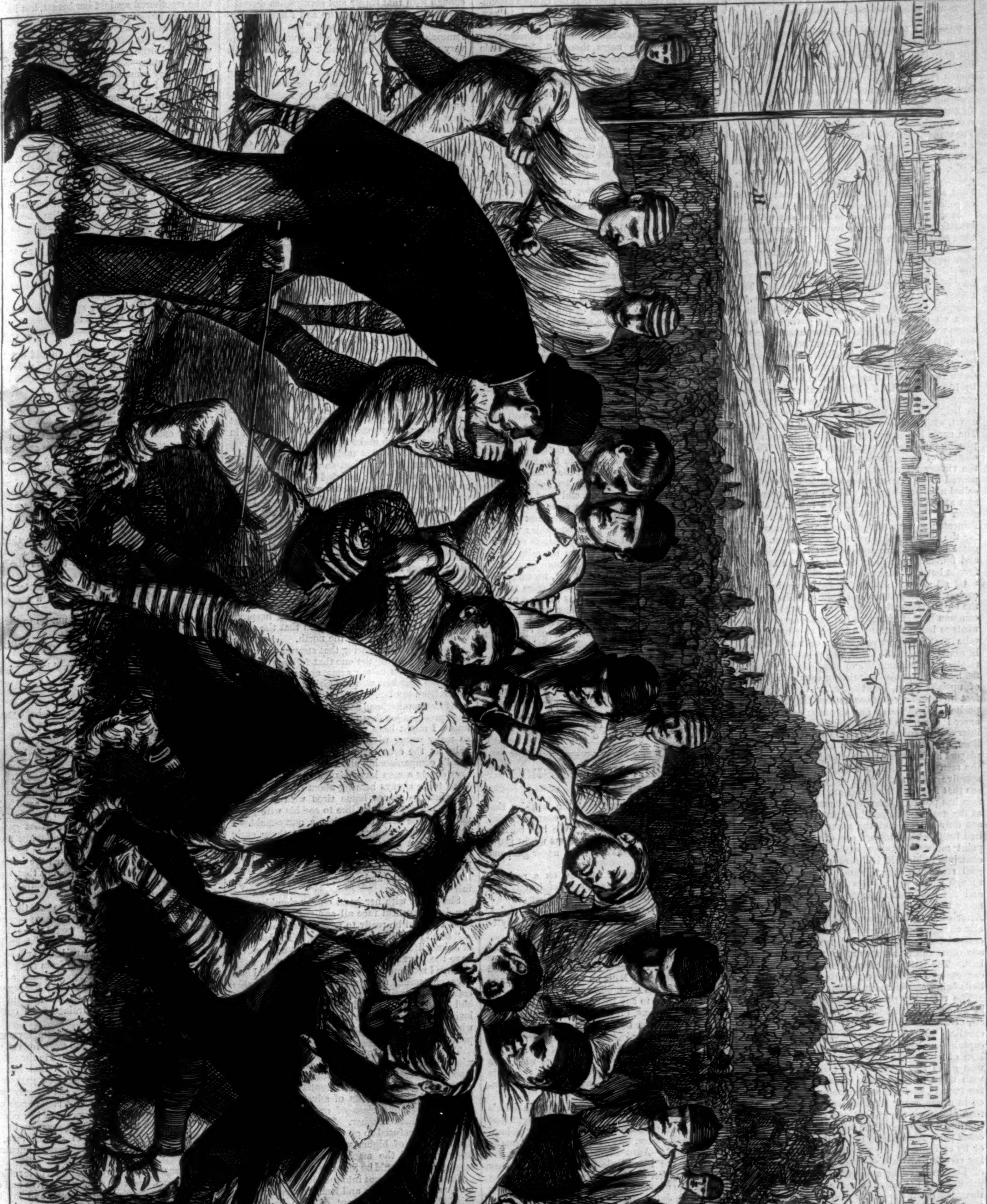


A LITTLE FANCY.

AT REST.

THE REAR-GUARD.

BICYCLE MATCH AT PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 27.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. PENNELL.—[SEE PAGE 993.]



FOOT-BALL MATCH BETWEEN YALE AND PRINCETON, NOVEMBER 27.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 986.]

FOOT-BALL.

"The sturdie plowmen, lustie, strong, and bold,
Overcometh the winter with driving the foote ball,
Forgetting labour and many a grievous fall."
—BARCLAY.

FOOT-BALL, if not quite as popular as some other athletic games, nevertheless has many devotees. On page 985 our readers will find a spirited engraving illustrating a thrilling moment in the match that took place between Yale and Princeton on the afternoon of Thanksgiving-day. The meeting of the teams was the great event of the foot-ball season, and, so far as college sports are concerned, one of the most important of the year. For many years Yale has conquered all opponents at this exciting game, but in 1877 Princeton secured a team that played a drawn game with them. Then the New Jersey lads last year vanquished the New Haven boys after a stubborn fight, and also drew into their net the many smaller colleges that made great efforts in this line.

In the recent contest Yale started out with the intention of retrieving her lost laurels, and in due time sent her men into the field. Their past successes have been gratifying to the college, and they went to the battle-ground confident of holding their own. Princeton, animated with the victory of last year, never dreamed of failure. The match was played on the grounds of the St. George's Cricket Club, at Hoboken, with fifteen men on each side. The rules governing were those revised at Springfield, Massachusetts, on the 4th of October last. The ground was nearly as perfect as an even, solid, level turf could make it. The extent of the track set apart and correctly laid down for the contestants was 330 feet in length by 160 feet in width. The goal at each end was composed of two upright posts over twenty feet in height, and placed eighteen feet six inches apart, with a cross-bar ten feet from the ground. The game lasted one hour and a half, each side playing forty-five minutes from the goal. To the disgust of both parties, when time was called the victory rested with neither; the contest had proved to be one of those unsatisfactory affairs called a "drawn" game. There were no ceremonies at the finish, if we except a round of cheers given to the Yale team by its opponents. The Princeton men are comparatively happy, however, for the championship yet rests with them. The game had been free from any serious accidents, and foot-ball men declared it to be the hardest-fought battle of many seasons.

Of all athletic games foot-ball is perhaps the easiest to comprehend, an ability to kick being the only qualification required. A large park or common is best suited to the game, its great advantage being that any number of players may take part, irrespective of age or size. When, however, a match is made, two parties, each containing an equal number of competitors, take the field. Two "goals," consisting each of a couple of upright poles, ten, twelve, or even eighteen feet high, and a cross-bar on top, are erected opposite each other at any distance that may be agreed upon, the game being carried on in the intervening space. Two side lines, called goal lines, are drawn from each of the goals. The players are chosen by two captains, who arrange the men in the field, and keep them to their respective sides, and whose duty it is, besides, to see that fair play is carried on. After each captain has posted a trustworthy member of his side at the goal as "keeper," the players on each side are duly placed, and the game is begun by the ball being kicked toward one of the goals from a point midway between each. Whichever side contrives to kick the ball *through* the adversaries' goal reckons either "game," or one toward it; though where the players are equally matched, and the goal well defended, the play may last many hours without a single score being made. After each goal has been made, the players usually change ends, so that no undue advantage be derived from sloping ground, favorable wind, or any other cause that may affect the course of the ball. The latter is generally made of an ox bladder covered with strong leather, India rubber balls being considered inferior.

The rules for playing foot-ball differ slightly in different localities, but the following synopsis, divested of all technical terms, will give an excellent idea of the course of the game. Two captains are selected, who toss up for the privilege of giving the ball its first kick. The one who gains this marshals his train, and marches with them to the middle of the space between the bounds, where the opposite party are mustered in a line, ready for the struggle. The ball is then placed on the ground, and the captain gives the first kick toward the opposite bounds. The other party meet it, and return it either by a kick or by carrying it, if preferred, while ten are being counted by their opponents. In some parts of England, among a rougher class, it was the privilege of the latter to make every attempt at throwing down the player who kicked or carried the ball back. This was usually managed by one of the opposite party running rapidly behind, and endeavoring by means of a circular sweep to get a foot inside his leg. This device almost always succeeded, unless it was met by a jump into the air of a peculiar kind, whereby the player contrived to preserve his equilibrium. In this way the game begins. When the exercise becomes violent, the players kick each others' shins without ceremony. Sometimes the game becomes quite a serious scrimmage, or, as WALLER metrically puts it,

"As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast
That their encounter seems too rough for jest."

Foot-ball is a most ancient institution in England. It does not appear, however, to have been among the popular exercises before the reign of EDWARD III., and then it was prohibited by a public edict; not, perhaps, from any particular objection to the sport in itself, but because it operated with other favorite amusements to impede the progress of archery. So roughly was it played some three centuries later that the danger attending the pastime caused King JAMES I. to say, "From this court I debarre all rough and violent exercises, as the foot-ball, meeter for lameing than making able the users thereof." The rustic youths were accustomed to make use of a blown bladder without the covering of leather by way of a foot-ball, putting peas and horse-beans inside, which occasioned a rattling as it was kicked about.

"And nowe in the winter, when men kill the fat swine,
They get the bladder and blow it great and thin,
With many beans and peason put within:
It ratleth, soundeth, and shineth clere and fayre,
While it is throwen and caste up in the ayre,
Eche one contendeth and hath a great delite
With foote and with hande the bladder for to smite;
If it fall to grounde, they lifte it up agayne,
And this waye to labour they count it no payne."

In Scotland it is a time-honored custom to hold a foot-ball match on Candlemas-day, the east end of a town against the west, the unmarried men against the married, or one parish against another. The Candlemas Ba', as it is called, brings the whole community out in a high state of excitement. On one occasion, when the sport took place in Jedburgh, the contending parties, after a struggle of two hours in the streets, transferred the contention to the bed of the river Jed, and there fought it out, amid a terrible scene of splash and mud, to the infinite amusement of the multitude looking on from the bridge.

Among the revels which a century back used to mark Shrove-Tuesday, in London, foot-ball was conspicuous. The London apprentices enjoyed it in Finsbury Fields. At Teddington it was conducted with such animation that careful housekeepers had to protect their windows with hurdles and bushes. There is perhaps no part of the United Kingdom where this Shrove-Tuesday sport is kept up with so much energy as in the village of Scone, near Perth, in Scotland. The men of the village assemble at the cross, the married on the one side and the bachelors on the other. A ball is thrown up, and they play from two o'clock until sunset. A person who witnessed the sport in the latter part of the last century thus describes it: "The game was this: he who at any time got the ball into his hands ran with it till overtaken by one of the opposite party. Then, if he could shake himself loose from those that seized him, he ran on; if not, he threw the ball from him, unless it was wrested from him by the other party; but no one was allowed to kick it. The object of the married men was to 'hang' it, that was, to put it three times into a small hole on the moor, which was the 'dool,' or 'limit,' on the one hand. The object of the bachelors was to 'drown' it, or to dip it three times in a deep place in the river, the limit on the other. The party who could effect either of these objects won the game; if neither one, the ball was cut into equal parts at sunset. In the course of the play there was usually some violence between the parties; but it is a proverb in that part of England that 'a' is fair at the ba' o' Scone.'"

THE SILVER HORSESHOE.

I.

WE had been so suré that the troubles that were overwhelming others in the manufacturing world would never touch us. We had been so sure that delegates from the unions might prowl about amongst our "hands," and never gain one single adherent.

I thought our safety founded on a rock. I thought we could calmly and sympathizingly look down upon the troubles of our neighbors.

Now, when I say "we," I mean John and I. This sounds "strong-minded," you are ready to say.

Well, I don't know what other people may choose to call it, but in truth I have been very proud and glad that ever since the day I married the owner of Otway Mills he has liked me to take an interest in his work and in his people.

I don't mean to say that he talks to me about the price of yarns, or tells me of the rises and falls in the cotton market; though I think that if any great anxiety came upon him, even of that kind, Jack would give me a hint of it; and I'm sure I should try my best to look as wise as a young owl, and as if the ins and outs of the trade were familiar subjects to my inquiring and enlightened mind!

You see, I have had such an example in John's mother; and then—well, my family thought that I ought to have done better than marry a Lancashire mill-owner, and they said a good many bitter things. Aunt Denison used to give her shoulders the least little shrug, and draw her shawl about her as if she shivered slightly, when I alluded to my future home; and when she shook hands with John, she always managed to convey to me an affected misgiving that she rather feared her delicate fingers might be soiled by the contact. These things hurt at the time, though they lost their sting quickly enough when I got him all to myself, and he held me close in his arms, and told me how hard he would strive to make me happy. Happy! well, well, I wonder does there live a happier woman than John's wife in all the length and breadth of England? Yet no life is without its days of trial, and the story I am going to tell you now is of one of those dark times that come to us all sooner or later.

The way that Aunt Denison and others of my own kith and kin behaved about my marriage naturally put me somewhat "out in the cold" with them, and threw me more completely upon John's people than might have been the case otherwise. And how good they were to me!

I had never seen Mrs. Ralph Otway, John's mother, until I came to the land of smoke and tall chimneys; for she had not come south to our wedding. Her delicate health was the excuse put forward, but my own private opinion is that John was afraid of auntie. He could put up calmly enough with that shiver and shrug when directed against himself; but both he and I had once inadvertently heard her say that "she believed all Lancashire ladies spoke in a loud voice, and had very red hands;" and I think that was enough for John.

When first I saw Mrs. Ralph Otway this saying at once darted into my mind; for never, among all the grand London ladies that visited at my guardian's house, had I ever seen a woman so completely, beautifully refined in look, voice, and manner. Then her hands! Why, they were such soft, white, womanly things, and closed over one's own with such a tender, faithful clasp, that once, sitting by her knee, I could not help bending down and kissing them as they lay upon her lap.

She used to tell me stories of Jack's boyish days—stories that she never tired of telling, or I of listening to; and sometimes she spoke of her dead husband, and of how he had been revered and looked up to by everybody, until at last his name became a sort of proverb, and people in the business world had been heard to speak of him as "honest Ralph Otway." You could hear a tremor in her voice when she spoke of things like these, and see a faint flush, like the pink in the inner side of a sea-shell, rise to her delicate cheek.

"It is a great responsibility to have so many hands under one head, and to be answerable for the welfare of them all; it needs wisdom to rule them well, and to be just as well as kind," she would say to me, speaking of the great mills where the machinery whirred and buzzed all day long, and the "hands" came rushing out when the dinner-bell clanged its noisy summons, like bees swarming from their hive. Listening to her wise and tender words, it was borne in upon me that from his early boyhood John had been trained in the best school to make a man good and true.

He had wanted his mother to live with us—and you may be sure I had no will apart from his—but she said, "No; married folks are best left to themselves." She had her way; but we would not let her go far from us: only a "step or two," as John said, so that we could run across of an evening, and she could come to us without fatigue.

By the end of the first year of my married life I seemed to have forgotten the fact of being a south-country woman. I found that there were plenty of art lovers and music lovers among the people whom Aunt Denison once told me went into society with little fluffy bits of cotton sticking to their dress-coats; while as for honest warmth of heart, and true, ungrudging hospitality, I soon came to the conclusion that the south couldn't hold a candle to the north.

I was very happy during that strange new year: happier still during the one that followed, when I held John's son in my arms, and saw the clear gray eyes that had won my girlish heart look up at me from my lap.

At first motherhood seemed to me such a sweet, new, precious joy that I was ready to be overanxious. I might have fallen into the mistake that so many young wives make, and in my love for baby let the even dearer possession of my husband's companionship slip from my hold. However dearly a man loves his children he does not want to be always hearing about them; least of all when he comes home tired with the day's work; nor yet does he like to see his wife gradually become little better than a nurse-maid. I know all these things now; but in those early days I might have lost the freshness of John's sympathy for me, and mine for him, if it had not been for the gentle word in season that fell from his mother's lips, and made, as it were, scales to fall from my eyes.

She spoke with her hand on my shoulder, and her dear beautiful face all aquiver in the dread least I should be ready to resent her counsel.

"Don't let baby keep you from being the heart of John's life, child," she said. "Let no one ever have the power of taking that from you."

Then I remembered how, the night before, I had been chattering away about baby's remarkable feats and marvellous doings, and how weary John had looked—nay, how I had caught him in the loving hiding away of a yawn that would not be wholly repressed, and wisdom came to me as I pondered.

Times were bad, trouble was around us everywhere in the mercantile world, evil counsel was leading honest men astray, and wanton hands were sowing the seeds of dissatisfaction in the hope of reaping harvests of advantage to themselves. First one class of operatives went on strike, and then another. The "hands" at this mill or that refused to go on working except under the spur of higher wages, and so the busy whirr-whirr of the machinery was silent until stranger hands could be found to set it going again.

Dark shadows crept into the picture after this; men, an hour ago hale and hearty, were maimed, blinded, beaten almost out of life; and these crimes were done in the dark. The masters did not escape; one was fired at, the cowardly bullet coming from no one knew whither. I grew fearful, and in spite of struggles after courage, more than once I had to turn away my head after John's good-by kiss had pressed my lips, as he set off for Otway Mills.

Our hands seemed all right as yet.

Yet I saw, day by day, how the cloud deepened on my husband's face. I used to sit very quiet, just within reach of his hand, of an evening, or we would stroll down to Mrs. Otway's—John very silent, but yet I knew, by the magnetism of touch, happy in the feeling of my hand resting on his arm. The mother and son spoke earnestly together of the state of trade, and the dark mists hanging over the north country, and well typified by the black smoke that came from the big chimneys, and hung like a canopy above the town.

Who shall tell of the tribute paid in pain and tears by the women and children in those troublous days? Surely no bitterer pang there can be than the sharp stab that goes through a mother's heart as the cry of her child for "bread! bread!" has to be smothered against her breast, lest its sound drive the brooding man by the fireless hearth to madness and violence?

This is what being "on strike" means to the wives and little ones of our mill hands. I say "our" because—alas! that I should have to write it!—the day came when John returned from town looking as I had never seen him—as the mother who bore him had never seen him.

Otway Mills were stopped. The men, whose relations with their masters had been a proverb in the trade, were on strike.

John did not say much. He was never a man of many words, and silence is natural to men as a refuge from possible tears.

"Our turn has come at last. It is hardly the men's fault; this sort of thing is as catching as the plague. They know they have been fairly dealt with. That blackguard Jim Stevens is at the bottom of it; he was seen talking to one of the delegates from the union."

That was all John said. His mother and I listened; and noting the set line of his lips, and the stern look in his eyes, we knew that let the men of Otway Mills be as stubborn as they might, the master would not yield an inch.

Our home, the dearest spot on earth to me—the fairest, too, in spite of its nearness to a manufacturing centre—was some three miles out of the town.

John used generally to drive in and out, to and from the mills; but sometimes he rode his big black horse, King Cole, and now and again I would ride by him on my pretty little bay mare, Lassie, returning with the groom.

Well, the night after he told me of the strike I lay wide-eyed through all the long, long hours, hearing each one strike below-stairs, and thinking those thoughts of mingled love and fear that gather about a woman's heart like a flock of ill-omened birds when her nearest and dearest are threatened with danger. The stillness of night is a terrible magnifying medium: possibilities take gigantic proportions seen through its voiceless quiet. How glad I was when faint lines of light began to creep into the room!

It was past—that night of thoughts that were almost prayers, and prayers that were only like thoughts that I trusted God to read the meaning of.

Breakfast over, the passionate protest in my heart bubbled up to my lips, like a spring that must well up to the light:

"Jack! oh, Jack! you will not go to the mills to-day?"

The answer came calm and clear, smiting me with a bitter despair:

"I did not think my wife would try to make a coward of me."

He did not speak harshly. I could have borne it better if he had.

He kissed me a moment after—held me very fast and close—then, before he went, he kissed me again.

"That is for the youngster up stairs," he said, with a tender smile softening the set look of his mouth; "give it him when he wakes."

The groom, an old and faithful servant of the Otways, looked grave as he led up King Cole and gave the bridle into his master's hand. Then John rode away, and I went into the house, seeing nothing clearly for the mist that gathered round me, not even baby's face, as nurse met me with him at the foot of the stairs.

That night and morning formed the initial letter of a time of anxious foreboding that seemed long to me, though in reality its duration was scarcely a fortnight.

Threatening letters—missives of that most cowardly character called anonymous—came at intervals. Many husbands would have hidden such things from a wife, but I think John knew that of all trials I could have least endured the thought that he kept a trouble from me.

Mrs. Otway's face grew pallid with a more transparent whiteness every day; her eyes, always tearless, had a fixed, hard look—the look that comes from grief restrained from outward show by might of will.

At length negotiations for the employment of alien "hands"—men willing to work for the wage that was all the masters could give in those biting times—were spoken of. Wrath that had simmered, now seethed; scowling men gathered in groups about the narrow streets that surrounded the mills like a labyrinth; muttered curses made starved and frightened women hurry by; clinched fists threatened the world for grievances brought about by the bad counsel of wicked men, and the brute resolve and stubbornness of uncultured natures.

Many cases of low fever, the result of insufficient food and fuel, occurred among the wives and children of our rebellious operatives, and my time was soon taken up by ministering to the necessities of the sick. In this work John never strove to hinder me; not yet, in the want-stricken homes of the people, was one word of reference to the strike ever uttered in my hearing. The people were kindly, and grateful to me in their own rough way, and I crossed no threshold that a welcome did not greet me.

God knows how full my heart was in those days of darkness! He was teaching me the deepest lessons of life, for "in the day of my sorrow I sought the Lord." Not with long prayers, or any outward acts of devotion, but with a close dependence on His care, that became as the very air I breathed. Nor was I without comfort. The sympathy of those dependent upon us is a beautiful thing in time of trouble, and there was not a servant in our household whose heart did not beat in sympathy with mine, not one who did not rejoice with me in the safe return of the master evening by evening, and enter into my repressed anxiety as we saw him ride away in the morning.

At length came a day—one of those days that

are to be found in most lives—a day that, however long we live, however far away from its scenes our after-fate may drift us, is traced upon our memories in indelible colors, and forms a picture upon which we turn and look back, to marvel again and again how we lived through its horror and its anguish.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

THIS magnificent edifice, of which a beautiful view is given in our double-page illustration, is situated in the insignificant town of Lichfield, England, which WILLIAM of Malmesbury, writing seven centuries ago, describes as "a small town in a confined situation—a place that would draw blushes from a bishop's cheek, so unbefitting is it for the dignity of a see." At present Lichfield has a population of scarcely seven thousand souls, among which the Dissenting element is largely represented, and where brewing is an absorbing industry; so that it would seem as if this great ecclesiastical establishment was still sadly out of place. The cathedral is a magnificent building, and is described by the precentor of Chichester as "a gem of architecture, built of stone of a faint rose-color, distinguished by unrestrained fancy, refinement in decoration, variety and beauty in form and tracery, which derive their force, attractiveness, and delicacy from a close and loving imitation of nature in its woodlands and flowers."

The nave and eastern portion of Lichfield Cathedral have each eight bays; and the transept on its east side, counting the tower arch as of two bays, has the same proportion. The west front, in the Early Decorated style, is richly arcaded, has three recessed doorways, the central portal being canopied, and having statues standing on pedestals in niches; it is flanked by two fine steeples. Three of the ancient statues—a mere fragment of a splendid series of similar ornamentation, which DEFOE describes as "images without number"—remain on the northwest tower. The old iron scroll-work adorns the principal doors. ERDEWICK, in the time of ELIZABETH, who saw it in its "glory, exceedingly costly, and fair," spoke of it in just though enthusiastic praise. "The west part is exceeding finely and curiously set forth, with a great number of tabernacles, and in the same the images of the prophets, apostles, kings of Judah, and divers other kings of this land, so well embossed and so lively cut, that it is a great pleasure for any man that takes delight to see rarities to behold them." Images are also placed over the portals of the transept.

The most striking feature of the Early Decorated nave is the importance given to the open gallery, or triforium, whose shadowy depth throws out the exquisitely wrought tracery in bold relief. The clear-story has triangular windows like those of the triforium at Westminster. Three bays of the original vaulting, or stone ceiling, remain, two at the west end and one next the tower. The aisles are narrow, and, like those of the eastern portion of the church, enriched with a series of arches, or wall-arcading. There is no triforium in the eastern portion. The great piers of the crossing under the central tower unite in themselves portions of various dates, ranging with the other structural parts that immediately adjoin them. The Lady-Chapel contains glass of the sixteenth century, which was brought from the Cistercian convent of Herckenrode, near Liege, in 1802, and represents sacred subjects, and the patrons and benefactors of the abbey. The niches between the fine lofty windows were once filled with statuary illustrative of the Parable of the Virgins. The sacristy opens out of the south aisle of the choir, and retains iron hooks for suspending lamps and other ornaments. Above it is the treasury, which contained the more precious plate, and communicates with a watching gallery, from which at night the sacristan could observe the various lights burning in the church, and especially the lamp before the shrine of St. CHAD, the first bishop of the see, whose dying hour was attended—so the old legend told—by the soul of his brother CEDD and a celestial choir, and their sweet song was audible to many as it went back to heaven. The pilgrims who came to make their offerings at it paid an additional sum in the shape of a toll for being ferried across the water of the minster pool. The procession path intervened between the shrine and the Lady-Chapel.

The tombs and effigies of Lichfield which escaped the raids of the Puritan troopers include some which occupy an unusual position between the buttresses in the outer wall of the choir and the Lady-Chapel. Two in the south aisle of the nave are curiously imbedded so that only the upper and lower portions of the figure appear. The effigy of Sir JOHN STANLEY, of the time of HENRY VII., bare to the waist, showing that he had suffered canonical penance; two bishops, called by tradition PATESHULL and LANGTON; and the skeleton memorial (*cadavre*) of Dean HEYWOOD. The effigy which lay upon the latter tomb has been destroyed. Bishop HACKET's tomb, which stood as that of a second founder, on the south side of the altar, and CHANTREY's "Sleeping Children," are the best among the modern monuments. The epitaph of ANNA SEWARD, "the swan of Lichfield," was written by Sir WALTER SCOTT, and that of GARRICK by Dr. JOHNSON. A doorway from the north aisle of the choir opens into the passage leading to the chapter-house, and has a range of arcaded seats in its western wall. The chapter-house has a vaulted ceiling, which rests on a single central pillar; its shape is an elongated octagon, with forty-nine stone stalls, arcaded round the walls. Above it is the ancient muniment chamber, now forming the library. It contains CAXTON's *King Arthur*, 1485;" *Pauper et Dives;* CHAUCER's *Canterbury Tales;* the Household Book of Prince HENRY, son of JAMES I.; *The Valor of Pope Nicholas;* and the Gospels of St. CHAD, written about the close of the eighth century, and connected by tradition with the name of St. Gildas and Llandaff.

A Norman cathedral (with an apse) first occupied the site of Lichfield. Its foundations remain under the present floor. After the middle of the twelfth century an eastern Lady-Chapel was added. The lower part of the choir, which is early English, has three bays, with a sacristy on the south side, and was built about 1200. The south wing of the transept dates about twenty years later, and the north wing and chapter-house twenty years later still. King HENRY III. in 1235 gave license to dig red sandstone for the fabric in his royal forest of Hopewas. The New Lady-Chapel, completed in 1300, in the Late Decorated style, has a polygonal end, which is almost unique in England. Twenty-five years later the presbytery was rebuilt, and a decorated range of upper windows added to the choir.

Among the more eminent bishops connected with Lichfield may be mentioned HIGBERT, consecrated in 779, and afterward made an archbishop by King OFFA for political reasons; HALSE, who in the fifteenth century filled the stalls with eminent scholars; BLYTH, who collected the statutes into one code; OVERALL, the friend of CORIN; stout-hearted HOUGH, who opposed the tyranny of JAMES II. at Magdalen College, Oxford; JAMES, once "touched for the evil" in the choir; and HURD. SAMUEL PEGGE, the antiquary, and Archbishop NARES, the glossarist, were members of the choir. ROBERT DE CLINTON, consecrated in 1129, "began mighty buildings," which he never lived to complete, for he died as a crusader in the Holy Land, and the arms of the cathedral are the cross of Jerusalem. Bishop GODWIN further says that he "built a great part of the church, increased the number of the prebends [there were only five when he came to the see], and fenced the town with a ditch;" and an old chronicle prettily sums up the fruits of his bounty as "the increase of the church in its fabric and honor." CLINTON's predecessors had forsaken the see. Bishop PETER, in deference to the Council of London, about 1075 removed to St. John's Collegiate Church, Chester. ROBERT DE LIMSEY, his successor, drawn thither by its wealth and importance, set up his throne in the great Benedictine minster of Coventry, but in 1186 Bishop HUGH NONANT returned to Lichfield. The former church, however, continued to retain its precedence in the title of the united sees. In the eleventh century a scenic effect was produced by a lavish use of incense round the whole church in commemoration of what was called the "cleansing of the clouds."

WALTER DE LANGTON, Lord Treasurer of England, consecrated in 1296, proved "a wonderful great benefactor. He laid the first foundation of the New Lady-Chapel here, and at his death left order with his executors for the full finishing of it. He compassed the cloister with a stone wall, and bestowed a sumptuous shrine upon St. CHAD, with a charge of £2000. He ditched and walled all the cathedral church round about, made one gate of great strength and majesty at the west part of the close, and another, but a less, on the south part. He built the great bridge [over the minster pool] beyond the vineyard in 1310. He gave his own palace unto the vicars for their dwelling, and built a new one for himself at the east end of the close." Bishop BLYTH added "a goodly house for the choristers."

In the close of Lichfield, which slopes from north to south, all the "brave buildings," the walls and the gates, the castle tower and the vicars' college, LANGTON's magnificent palace, with walls frescoed with pictures of the wars of King EDWARD, and Dean HEYWOOD's library, have been swept away. The story of the famous siege will never be forgotten, when the walls of the close were loop-holed, and musketeers lined the battlements of the church. On St. Chad's Day, March 2, 1642–3, Lord BROOKE, who had impiously hoped for the day when he should not see one stone left on another in a cathedral, began his assault with an appeal to God that He would "give some special token of His approbation." On the following day he was shot dead through the left eye by "Dumb DYOTT," who was standing among the gallant Cavaliers on the central tower. The next morning saw the fall of the spire, weakened by the constant discharges of the drakes, or long guns, planted round its base, and exposed to the concentrated force of two thousand cannon and fifteen hundred grenadoes. The fire on both sides, however, had the good effect of cleansing the air from the plague, which raged fiercely among the defending garrison. The close surrendered on March 5; then, besides a series of defacements of the building by impieties, pollution, and sacrilege, the nave, filled with "courts of guard," rang with the noise of the enemy's horses, which were stabled in the desecrated aisles, and the choir re-echoed to the shouts of troopers hunting a cat with hounds; the lead of the roofs was cast into bullets, and the bells were broken up to found cannon; stalls, carved-work, statuary, organs, costly pavements of alabaster and cannel-coal, stained glass, and beautiful monuments of the dead, one being a superb specimen of Italian workmanship executed for Lord PAGET, were ruthlessly destroyed. On the morning of June 16, 1660, the vicars came back, and said service in the chapter-house, "this with the vestry being the only places in the church that had a roof to shelter them." On the morning after his arrival the excellent Bishop HACKET "set his own coach-horses on work together, and other teams, to carry away the rubbish, and before his death set up a complete church again." The new tenor bell (of a peal of ten) was first rung when he was very near death, and we are told that the old prelate, coming out of his chamber to hear it, "seemed very well pleased with the sound, but withal concluded that it would be his own passing-bell." Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN desired to make the spire the model of one which he designed to raise above the crossing of Westminster Abbey.

One prominent prelate of Lichfield was ROWLAND LEE. He is generally said (but untruly, since CRANMER really officiated) to have celebrated the marriage between HENRY VIII. and ANNE BOLEYN. He succeeded Bishop BLYTH as President of Wales, and labored not ineffectually in suppressing the disorders which were then frequent on the border. Under his presidency and by his means the right of electing representatives in Parliament was extended to all parts of this principality.

DOGS UNDER SURGICAL TREATMENT.

ON the remarkable degree of equanimity often demonstrated by dogs under surgical treatment, the London *Lancet*, in a recent number, makes the following remarks: "We have often been struck with astonishment while witnessing the patient submission of animals, especially dogs and horses, to surgical operations, and to the surgical dressings necessitated by them. A case in point has been brought under our notice. A fine pointer had a large hard fibrous tumor of the breast, with deep and far-reaching roots. The operation for its removal was very skillfully and effectually executed by Mr. George Fleming, veterinary surgeon of the Second Life-Guards. During the operation the animal displayed an amount of patience that would have been creditable in a human being. Even during the most painful part of the proceeding, that of inserting sutures, she never flinched. The same resignation was displayed when the time for dressing the wound came round. The patient received the surgeon with an air of preparation, and even put herself into position for being dressed. In the case of a similar operation on another dog, some years ago, strong resistance was offered to the attempt to give chloroform; but the animal submitted to the surgical procedure as we have described above. Such facts admit of a partial explanation in the mental theory of pain, according to which suffering that is not anticipated and mentally apprehended is not pain in the acuter sense of the word. But we should be sorry to see this explanation carried so far as to deprive our dumb fellow-creatures of all credit for the submission they show under surgical treatment. We would go further, and say that they are vastly more sensible than many human beings in their estimate of the medical profession, and have instinct enough to see that even when pain is inflicted on them, it is for a good and kind purpose."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FROM the annual report of the Light-house Board it appears that various experiments have been made lately, and are yet to be tried, in regard to the kind of light employed. Mineral oil has been substituted in many of the fourth, fifth, and sixth order lights. Mineral oil is found to be superior to all other oils as an illuminant, and less expensive, but deteriorates when kept in the ordinary large receivers, so that small cans are needed. The Light-house Board desires to test the relative merits of the electric light and other illuminants. To be at all satisfactory, these experiments must be made in a light-house, and on a sufficiently large scale to be a thorough and exhaustive test, and for this purpose an ample appropriation is earnestly requested. One of the most important light stations on our coast is the one off Sandy Hook, at the entrance of New York Harbor; and it is thought highly desirable that it should be marked by a vessel having all modern improvements, in order to make it a more certain guide to mariners. An appropriation is therefore asked for the construction of a first-class light-ship, with a powerful steam fog-signal, to take the place of the present light-ship, which might then be removed to a less important station. Much useful work is in progress. The arrangements for lighting the Delaware River from Deep-water Point to League Island is begun; a contract has been made for the erection of the iron light-house at Cape Henry, which it is hoped will be finished in 1880; the iron structure for the light-house to be placed on the American Shoals, Florida, was ready for shipment at the time of the report, and will be erected during the winter; the work at Stannard's Rock, Lake Superior, has been successfully begun; and at many other points improvements are under consideration.

The citizens of New York and Brooklyn do not realize how dependent they are upon their abundant supply of water until suddenly, for example, a water main bursts, as recently happened in Brooklyn. It was the largest main in the city, carrying nearly all the water used in Brooklyn west of Washington Avenue. The first notice housekeepers and householders had of this accident was the utter failure of water in the pipes. There was at first annoyance at what was thought to be only a lack of water for a few moments, then perplexity, finally general inquiry and great confusion. After a couple of hours warnings were given to draw range fires to prevent the explosion of boilers and water-backs. Half-cooked dinners were checked in their process of preparation, to the great dismay of cook and matron. Those who had been fortunate enough to save a pitcherful of water regarded it as a prize; but many a tea-kettle was empty, and neighbors made extra calls upon each other to see if perchance they could borrow or beg a little water. After a few hours arrangements were made for a supply of water until the damaged main could be repaired.

By the burning of the immense stables of the Eighth Avenue Horse-car Railway Company a large number of horses, variously stated at from 150 to 300, were lost. The fire occurred early in the morning, and there were at the time over a thousand horses in the building, most of them being kept on the second, third, and fourth floors. There were also in the stables large quantities of oats, corn, and hay, blankets, harnesses, etc. It was a matter of great difficulty to rescue any of the terrified animals. Several firemen were seriously injured.

The marriage of King Alfonso of Spain to the Archduchess Marie Christine, of the house of the Hapsburgs, took place, with all the usual brilliant ceremonials, on November 29, at the Atocha Church, in Madrid. The church was splendidly illuminated, and hung with rich silken draperies. The bride was handsomely dressed in white, and wore a diadem of brilliants, and the insignia of the Marie Louise order. The nuptial benediction was given on behalf of the Pope by the Cardinal Patriarch of the Indies, who officiated at the mass, which was celebrated after the marriage ceremony. Returning from the church, King Alfonso and Queen Marie Christine drove through the city, preceded by a brilliant cortége. The Queen made a most favorable impression, and was enthusiastically greeted by the populace. A grand reception was given the following day in the Throne-Room of the Royal Palace, and during the ten hours which it lasted it is estimated that twelve thousand persons defiled before the King and Queen. The scene is described as one of remarkable brilliancy.

Fresh salmon, caught in Canadian rivers, is now packed in ice, and transported across the Atlantic in refrigerators, and landed in Liverpool in perfect condition. The quality of Canadian salmon is well known, and the new trade thus opened promises to be an important one. The demand for good, cheap food in England is great, and not only is fresh salmon shipped, but large quantities of the canned article.

Considerable interest seems to have been awakened among physicians by the remedy for diphtheria communicated in a letter from the Russian minister to the United States. Whether or not the benzoate of soda—which, in combination with other articles, he recommends—has special remedial effects in diphtheria, if the suggestion of it incites the medical fraternity to renewed effort to obtain more knowledge concerning the causes and treatment of this deadly disease, and not only to seek a cure, but to learn how its spread may be prevented, a good result will be accomplished.

Three enterprising citizens of Columbus, Indiana, have developed a very ingenious idea in regard to Sitting Bull. They have written to the United States Indian Agent at Pine Ridge, Dakota, asking if it is practicable to communicate with Sitting Bull for the purpose of settling "the question of his trouble with the government by giving him employment for the next summer with eight or ten of his braves." The plan is to give exhibitions in cities and towns of the United States, either with Sitting Bull or with some of the Utes.

The exports of petroleum and of petroleum products from all the customs districts of the United States during the month of September, 1879, amounted to 45,076,940 gallons, valued at $3,419,180. Last year, during the same period, 46,763,847 gallons were exported.

Merchants engaged in the butter and cheese trade recently held a meeting in reference to the fraudulent sale of oleomargarine. Resolutions were passed to the effect that as it had become an established fact that wholesale and retail grocery houses in New York and Brooklyn sold oleomargarine in violation of the law requiring it to be plainly marked, the Exchange authorized a committee appointed to investigate the matter and prosecute all offenders.

Not long ago, a good Methodist minister, on entering his pulpit one Sunday morning, told his people that he had just been reading a very impressive sermon of a distinguished living divine, and he proposed to preach its thoughts over to them in his own style and language. The morning service was both pleasant and profitable, and the minister gained much by his frank honesty.

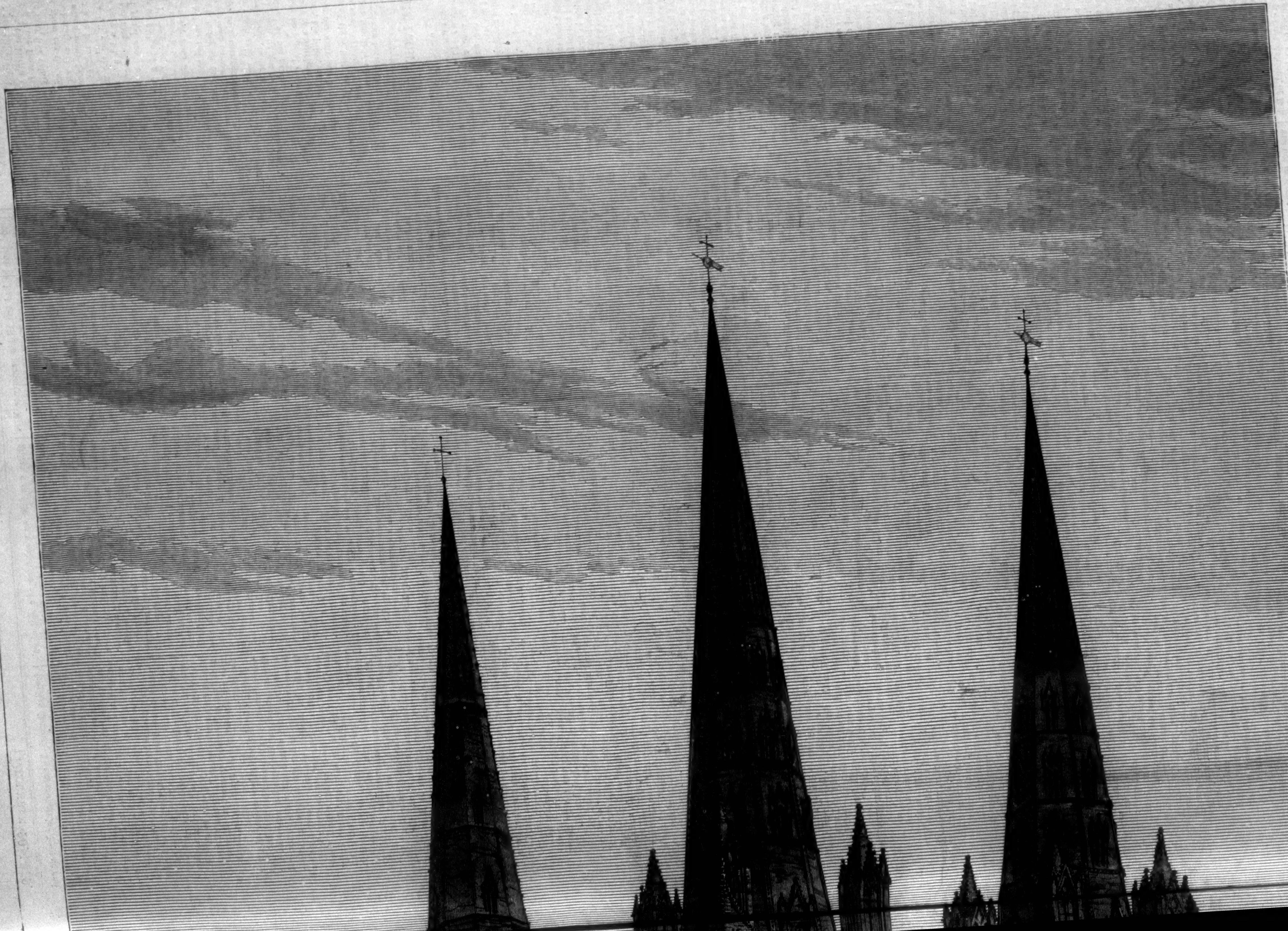
The recent destruction of the Toronto Grand Opera-house by fire was rendered tragic by the fact that Robert Wright, a well-known stage-carpenter, with his wife and infant daughter, were burned to death. The fire was discovered about three o'clock in the morning, and the unfortunate victims were unable to escape by the stairways on account of the smoke. The only chance of escape was by the windows, and it is supposed they became confused, or so paralyzed with fear as to be unable to attempt to save themselves thus.

"Lottery letters" are still a subject of contention. The orders given by those in authority in the Post-office Department are to the effect that "lottery letters" reaching the Dead-letter Office may be returned to the writers by mail; that if letters supposed to contain lottery matter go to the Dead-letter Office, and are found not to contain it, they should be sent to the office of delivery, with directions to the postmaster which will insure their prompt delivery; and that postmasters are not justified in withholding letters to an individual for the sole reason that such individual is an agent of a lottery company: the letter must be addressed to the agent as such to justify its detention, unless it is addressed to a person or firm declared by a special order of the Postmaster-General to be fraudulent, in which case registered letters are returned to the writers, and the payment of money-orders forbidden.

A reliable exchange relates a marvellous dog story. Not long ago a Philadelphia lady, while doing her marketing one morning, received the gift of a chicken from a friend whom she met. On returning home she took the fowl from her basket, and gave it to the cook, remarking, "I wish I had another chicken; it takes at least two to make a dinner." Thereupon the family dog, which had been stretched upon the window-sill, jumped out of the window as if something had attracted him. The dog staid away about half an hour, and came back with a chicken in his mouth, laid the burden down, and retreated to his usual seat on the window-sill. The chicken was yet warm, though dead; the dog had seized it by the throat. It was not known whose poultry-yard had suffered.

From Portland, Maine, comes a cat story which compares favorably with the above. In a village not far from Portland is a quiet family, consisting of an aged gentleman, his housekeeper, and their faithful old cat. Family prayers are a regular exercise every evening in this household, and the cat fell into the habit of punctual attendance. Nothing was allowed to interfere with this duty. At the signal for prayers she would even leave a mouse half caught, or give a doomed bird a longer lease of existence, and decorously compose herself in the lap of the housekeeper, with an air of attention to the service that was highly edifying. At the final "Amen" she went friskily about her business. But in an evil day there came a kitten that was deemed superfluous, and sentence of death was passed upon it. The head of the family undertook the execution of the sentence, and, unknown to him, the cat was a witness of the scene. From that day the cat refused to attend the evening service, and can not now be induced to listen to the prayers of one who had so shocked her sensibilities. She faithfully performs all other duties as before, and sociably purrs for the family on all secular occasions, but utterly refuses to join in any devotional exercises.

ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE—LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.—[SEE PAGE 987.]



BETTER THAN GOLD.

"Can you tell me the way to Jennie's house—
Jennie, the laird's one daughter?
Many a lover from far and near,
'Tis said, has vainly sought her.

"But show me the way to her house, old man;
I've beauty and wit and pluck;
And where many have failed, there I may win,
For love is half of it luck."

"I can tell you the road to Jennie's house:
It's only a bit and a mile
Over the meadow, across the moor,
And you'll come to the garden stile.

"Easy to find, and a fair straight road;
But I'll tell you, before you start,
There's many a lover finds Jennie's house
That never finds Jennie's heart."

"Then tell me the road to her heart, old man."
"You'll never on foot win there;
It is steep and narrow, and none need go
Except in a carriage and pair."

But the youth said, gayly, "Good-by, old man;
Lovers should never be blate."
And, lo! when he got to fair Jennie's house,
She stood at the garden gate.

And when he passed over the moor again,
He rode in a carriage and pair;
But Jennie, his bride, sat by his side,
And the old man saw her there,

And blessed them both on their happy way,
For he said, "Though I am old,
I remember the days when I was young,
And Love was better than Gold."

THE IVORY CABINET.

I.

"Portman Square, February 6.

"Dear Pennithorne,—Can you come and call on me to-morrow? I think I can put a little bit of business in your way. Mrs. Kendal will be lunching about two, and will be happy to entertain you if I am late.

"Yours sincerely, James Kendal."

A briefless barrister, reduced to live upon his very small capital, is not likely to refuse the chance of a "little bit of business." I was grateful, too—honestly grateful—for the kindness which prompted this remembrance of me in the mind of my old school-fellow. He might be "literally wallowing in money," as a friend of mine had once described him to me; he might be somewhat self-assertive and pompous, and inclined to talk of poverty as if it were a crime in itself; but at any rate he could go out of his way to do me a kindness, and I had not yet arrived at the condition of Mrs. Gummidge—"I'm a lone lorn creeter, and everythink that reminds me of creeters that ain't lone and lorn goes contrairy with me."

Well, it might be the sign of a small nature in me, but I was so weary of the monotony of my life that even this invitation to luncheon gave me a sensation of pleasure. I had been working hard and living low. I was not so foolish as to expect roast pigs to run up against me imploring me to eat them, and finding that there seemed little chance of me prospering at the bar, I had been working to qualify myself as an actuary. I had been struggling hard to keep down expenses while I was earning nothing, and I remember that my first consideration on receiving Kendal's note was a mental review of my wardrobe, lest it should prove too shabby-genteel for Mrs. Kendal's society. But my particular form of economy lay rather in eating than in dress; I had managed to live on a fairly small amount by confining my diet to bread and cheese and water-cresses, with milkless tea instead of beer; and thus I felt myself privileged to commit the extravagance of actually investing in a new neck-tie, in which I arrayed myself with something of the pleasurable sensation which I had felt under the same circumstances when I was a boy at Eton. Indeed, my life had been so monotonous during that winter that I looked forward to this luncheon at Kendal's as an actual piece of dissipation, and found myself really amused at the pleasure which so trifling a thing gave me at my time of life. But then I had really had a hard time of it lately, which must be my excuse. After a happy boyhood and youth, a fairly successful and very enjoyable school and college career, with the most loving of homes and parents in the background, and means sufficient, though not overflowing, to live by, I found myself at twenty-seven—home and parents gone—beggared by the failure of a bank in which all my father's property had been invested, and shunted on one side by want of business connection and unprosperous circumstances from the path to success in my profession. I was very near growing into a self-centred cynic; only I felt strongly that sweetness was a nobler thing than bitterness, and struggled for it with a more intense struggle than I ever knew before or since in my life—save once.

Mrs. Kendal received me in her handsome drawing-room, full of flowers and satin upholstery. She was a blooming and prosperous young matron, very fashionable, and I should think in the main kind-hearted. She was not at all inhospitable, and was, indeed, rather confidential for the first twenty minutes of our intercourse, until some one else dropped in, after which she left me to myself. But during those first twenty minutes she gave me a good deal of information.

She was aggrieved, and so was her husband, at a disappointment which had lately befallen them. Kendal's maternal uncle, James Ashford, of Boldres, had died three months or so back, and it had always been supposed that the estate would come to him. But James Ashford had always been an eccentric man, and when he died it was found that he had left all his property to Miss Ellen Corbet, an actress whom he had fallen ardently in love with, and desired to marry, when he was a young man.

"He would have married her, I believe, if it had not been for his father. Old Mr. Ashford went straight to Corbet, who was the manager of the Thespian then. I dare say he lost his temper and spoke strangely; but anyhow Corbet behaved atrociously—he horsewhipped him, I believe. Fancy an actor horsewhipping a gentleman! Well, the marriage was broken off, and the Corbets went to America, and no one ever thought anything more about it. He made a will leaving it all to her directly he came into his property, and he never altered it. I am sure, when we married, James fully believed that Boldres would come to him; it would have saved buying a country place, you know, which of course we shall have to do now, and with everything so expensive as it is, I don't know how we shall manage. My husband's new yacht has cost ten thousand pounds."

Mrs. Kendal sighed, and I thought of my morning's extravagance of the new tie, and felt inwardly entertained by the contrast.

"Well, I believe my husband is going to ask you to go down and find some deed or paper of some sort that they think must be among old Mr. Ashford's lumber. Mind you come and describe to me when you come back what the woman is like. I hear none of the neighbors mean to call, and I don't blame them. It is such a terrible thing when classes get all mixed up!"

"She is elderly now, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, of course; she must be near fifty at least. But I dare say she makes up still so that she looks younger; those kind of people often do. I dare say we shall hear soon that she is going to be married to some one who doesn't mind an ex-actress for his wife."

At this period of the conversation another gentleman dropped in, and Mrs. Kendal bestowed her attention on the new-comer, and left me alone.

Kendal came in, florid, broad, and a little pompous, but well-meaning. Remembering the days when he used to implore me to help him with his verses at Eton, I could not help inwardly smiling at the full-blown patronage which he put on in speaking to me.

"Well, Pennithorne, my good fellow, how are you? Bobbish, eh? Had many briefs lately?"

"Not many," I said.

"Thought as much. That's where it is. Your people never had any business to send you to the bar. If you had gone into business, now, you might have been a rich man by this time."

"Well," I said, in lower tones than his, "I have been qualifying for an actuary, as the nearest approach to business I could find."

"Actuary—nonsense! You should have gone in at the very beginning of the counting-house, and then you might some day have a chance of coming out at the end. Well, as you brew you must bake. But here's a bit of work for you, my boy, if you like to take it."

And he proceeded to explain to me what he wanted me to do. His uncle's lawyer had lately died, leaving his affairs in great disorder. Old Ashford himself had been very careless about business matters, and there was a missing deed of mortgage belonging to some property which had descended to Kendal which could not be found among the lawyer's papers, and which it was thought must be at Boldres.

"Old Briggs, my lawyer, wrote to Miss Corbet, and she replied that there were several presses full of business and other documents in utter disorder; and if he would send some one he could trust to look for the mortgage, she would be glad if, at the same time, he would put all the papers in order for her. Briggs himself has got the gout, and his son is a perfect idiot; so, knowing that you were not overburdened with business, I suggested his giving you the job. What do you say?"

Two days afterward I stood at the ticket office at the terminus, taking my ticket for Wyverton, which Kendal told me was the nearest station to Boldres.

The rain had changed to sleet, and the sleet to snow, when I arrived at Wyverton—a little country station, solitary in the midst of fields, perched on a high embankment, so that I looked down from the platform upon a depth of fifty feet or so below me, where the only prospect consisted of green fields, now beginning to whiten, divided by hedges, and a long straight white road leading away into the gathering gloom of the distance.

It was not an agreeable piece of information when the porter informed me that no flies or other conveyances were to be had nearer than Staveley, and that it would have been better to have gone on by the train and driven to Birkshot, from thence Birkshot was six miles from Staveley and three from Wyverton; but there was no other train for six hours, and accordingly I shouldered my portmanteau with as good a grace as I could, and set out for my three miles' walk to the "Ashford Arms," my destination in the village of Birkshot.

I thought with some amusement that the dearth of conveyances was not likely ever to have entered Kendal's head, since, no doubt, he had always been met at this station by those of his uncle; but at the same time I could not help wishing that he had not let me in for this three-mile walk with my portmanteau.

The wind was sharp and icy, and blew full in my face, so that my eyes watered and my breath came short with the cold; the driving snow stung me, and the small store of animal warmth I had to draw upon at starting had been dissipated by a long and freezing journey. I suppose, too, I was not in strong health to start with, or I could have battled with the cold better; but, as I said before, I had been reducing my expenses for some time in order to be quite certain of not incurring debt; and though I flattered myself that vegetarianism was quite as wholesome as a diet of animal food, I must say that I don't think my belief was borne out by the results.

I had walked about a mile and a half, feeling the portmanteau growing heavier and heavier at every step, and I had not met so much as a donkey-cart going in my direction whose driver I could ask to relieve me of my load, even for a quarter of a mile. At last, on turning a corner, I met a gust of icy wind which was altogether too much for me. I staggered to the bank by the road-side, put down my burden, and sat down for a minute beside it, quite dizzy and stupid with exhaustion. This gave way to a sense of extreme sleepiness, and I roused myself to walk up and down for a few minutes, wondering what on earth I was to do. I supposed there was nothing for it but to put my portmanteau over into the field, and to crawl on as I best could into Birkshot, and send back for it. However, I thought I would try one effort more; but when I tried to walk on, I found the giddiness and sleepiness recurring, and I was just wondering whether I was fated to be found frozen in the high-road next morning, when, to my great delight, I heard wheels coming behind me. I looked round, hoping that the conveyance might be a suitable one for my purpose; but my heart sank when it proved to be only a little low pony-carriage, driven by a young lady in a seal-skin cap and coat. I am not sure whether necessity would have emboldened me to ask her whether she could help me with my portmanteau; I think probably I should have missed the golden opportunity, and then regretted it; but I was not put to the test. The pony-carriage stopped, and the young lady said, in a compassionate voice: "You look very tired. Are you going Birkshot way, and would you like a lift?"

Her voice was sweet and clear; but there was a certain hesitation in it as she spoke, and the frank gray eyes that looked out under the seal-skin cap had some doubt and gravity in them as she looked me over. I found out afterward that I had been walking so unsteadily under my portmanteau that she was a little doubtful whether or not I was the worse for liquor, and only made up her mind to accost me from considering that, if such were the case, I should probably be found frozen by the road-side next day.

I was aware that her face was young, kind, and pretty; she had a smooth, soft skin, not rosy, but fresh and wholesome-looking, curly fair hair, roughened by the wind, and dimpled cheeks and chin, which gave her an infantine, innocent look when she smiled. I staggered to the carriage, uttering what thanks I might, and found myself wrapped up in a wolf-skin rug, the warmth of which was marvellously grateful to my chilled limbs.

"Are you going to Birkshot, or further?" she said, after an interval of silence.

"Only to the inn."

"What! the little public-house? I should think you would be horribly uncomfortable there."

"A fire is the chief thing I want," I said, trying to control the chattering of my teeth, and the sensation which came upon me from time to time as if half-melted ice were running down my spine. "I hope I shall not be there much; I shall be doing some work at a place they call Boldres. Can you tell me if that is far from Birkshot?"

"Boldres?" said my friend, brightly, turning quickly round to me; "why, that is my home. I live with my aunt, you know. You must be the Mr. Briggs that is coming to put all our law papers in order—"

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Miss Corbet?" I said.

"Janie Corbet. My aunt is Miss Corbet."

I explained that I was not Mr. Briggs, but John Pennithorne; and my pretty conductor assured me that her aunt was quite prepared to receive Mr. Briggs at Boldres, and that if I came in Mr. Briggs's place, I must certainly take up my abode there, and not at the inn, which was two miles distant, and nothing but a village "public." I was too grateful, and too stupid also, I think, to make any objection, and in about twenty minutes we arrived at a pleasant-looking old gray stone house, whose windows in the gathering dusk shone cheerfully with fire and candle light from within.

"This is Boldres," said Janie Corbet, as she drew up at the door.

My friend had left me for a few minutes in the warm and cozy sitting-room—the Brown Parlor, she called it—and I had roused myself from the sense of bewildered stupidity which was stealing over me, to expect with some degree of curiosity the entrance of the painted actress whom Mrs. Kendal had represented to me. But when the door opened it revealed no stately and imposing personage with borrowed bloom on her elderly cheeks, but a tall, slight, sallow woman, with a slow step and bending figure, and dark intense eyes, which looked out of sunken hollows under finely formed though furrowed brows. The grace with which she bade me welcome was wholly natural, and not artificial; and I noticed that both she and her niece had the same frank, full, self-forgetting gaze—a sympathetic contemplation, not a stare—when they addressed any one.

They both had remarkably pure intonation of voice. There was only one word, I noticed, which they pronounced differently from persons who have always lived in England, and that was "America," which they always called "Ameriea." Otherwise they could not have been accused of any solecism either in speech or manners, and a quarter of an hour in Miss Corbet's society made me think Mrs. Kendal's strictures very foolish indeed.

I do not, however, remember much about that evening. I could not eat anything of all they set before me, and became more and more conscious of a racking headache, and a sharp pain like the blade of a knife between my shoulders, which caught my breath. I was shown a charming little bedroom; but sleep did not visit me, or only at intervals, when it came accompanied by feverish dreams. The next morning I got up and came down to breakfast, resolved to struggle as long as I could against the mortification of being ill in a strange house; but I had to leave the breakfast table; and when Miss Corbet came to see what she could do for me, she found me gasping on the drawing-room sofa, just able to articulate that I must go to the inn, for I was sure I was going to be ill. The next thing that I remember is being helped up stairs by the doctor, who happened to have called opportunely in his rounds to see Miss Corbet, who was under his hands; and the sound of his voice, saying: "Congestion of the lungs, my good fellow—pulse one hundred and two. You must go to bed, and stay there for the present, if you want to save Miss Corbet a coroner's inquest." By which I suppose that I was still harping upon my unwillingness to give my kind hostess the trouble of an illness in the house.

I staid in bed for nearly three weeks. A nurse was procured from the nearest hospital, but Miss Corbet herself was the presiding genius of the sick-room. Once, when I was rather better, and began to express to her something of my gratitude for her kindness, she laid her worn hand on mine and said: "Dear boy, say no more about it. There were many times in my life when I should have been thankful to have been taken in by strangers, and I always had it in my mind that I would do it if I had the chance; so you see it is I that am grateful to you."

At last I was pronounced convalescent, and was allowed to come into the Brown Parlor, and then followed one of the happiest periods of my life. I was petted and made much of, and the stages of my recovery commented on by Miss Corbet and Janie as if it had been a moral virtue in me to get better. When I tried to say anything, Miss Corbet said that no one knew how dull this spring would have been to her except for the interest of my illness. "And now, John," she said (for she had taken to call me by my Christian name), "I am at least sure that we have one friend this side of the water, which we hadn't before."

The first thing that must have struck any one with regard to both aunt and niece was that they were both of them perfect gentlewomen, and not only well-mannered, but with minds cultivated far beyond those of the average Englishwoman one comes across. Miss Corbet was a very clever woman, and she had educated Janie herself. She was full of enthusiasm about everything noble in art and literature, particularly in her own dramatic line. I enjoyed seeing her pale, repressed, worn face light up as she talked of Shakspeare, till the needle-work fell from her hands, and she would walk up and down the room, speaking with a fluency and passion which would have made her a first-rate female orator or preacher. At such times her eyes would shine and flash, and she too would look almost beautiful still. I could imagine how striking her countenance must have been when she was young.

"You must wish to be back on the stage again, after all," I said one day, when she had been dilating on what she thought dramatic art might do for the education of the people.

The fire died out of her eyes. "No," she said, "the future I dream of won't come in my days, and my health and my voice have been failing for so long that it was only necessity that made me stay on so long as I did. Indeed, I don't know whether the evils of the present management of the stage grow greater, or if it is I that am getting old and cantankerous, but I never was more thankful than when I heard that I was free to leave it, and not see noble things degraded any more. 'Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds,' Shakspeare says, you know."

Janie had not the positive genius of her aunt, but she had native mother-wit, quick observation, and ready appreciation of all that was good and beautiful. She had the instinct of making friends with every one, and of always doing and saying the right and kind thing. She had made friends with all the people in the cottages near, and had conquered even the clergyman's wife, who had hitherto believed that no woman who ever acted in public ought to be recognized by the rest of her sex, and had begun by ostracizing her with her aunt. Where Miss Corbet impressed people with awe, Janie charmed them with her frank, girlish kindliness—as, once for all, she had charmed me.

Naturally, during these weeks of easy intercourse, the Corbets and I came to talk a good deal about our past histories. I learned theirs, and they learned mine. Ellen Corbet had had a hard and toilsome life, though she never complained, but Janie, whose love for her aunt amounted to adoration, told me how self-sacrificing it had been. Ellen had been born of a family which possessed not only great theatrical talent, but lofty ideas of the dignity of the theatrical profession. She had been most carefully brought up and educated, and shielded like any nun from the coarser associations of the theatre, and when the time came for her to choose her profession, she had gone upon the stage, beautiful, enthusiastic, and eager to share in her father's endeavors at purifying the theatre, and making it a great instrument of national improvement, according to the ideas which she still held at heart. When she was twenty-five Ashford met her, and it was not until after a long struggle that she consented to resign her profession, and her hopes of helping on her father's great designs, for the sake of love. Then came a few days of bliss, and then the collapse of everything, owing to old Ashford's interference and Corbet's horsewhipping of him, and Ellen had a severe illness, which left her permanently injured in health. She only returned to the stage because the great ideas of the Thespian did not pay, and her father was on the brink of ruin. Finally the Corbets became bankrupt, and went to America, where the father died, and the brother, Janie's father, made various theatrical ventures, apparently with uniform ill success.

Ellen Corbet had always been able to command a good salary, but it had been spent in supporting her brother and his family, and she had adopted Janie entirely ever since her own mother had died at six years old, and her father had married again.

"And did you ever act?" I said to Janie.

Janie blushed all over. "I am ashamed to tell you," she said.

I looked inquiringly at her. Surely she who spoke so proudly of her aunt's success could have none of the conventional notions about the degradation of the stage.

No, it was nothing of that sort. She confessed it by degrees. She could not act in the least, and she had disappointed Aunt Nelly horribly. "I could learn the words and the business, but when people looked at me, their eyes seemed to burn me all over, and everything went out of my head. I never could fancy I was any one else but myself. I did try—really I did—for I saw how I was disappointing Aunt Nelly, but I couldn't help it."

The poor child looked so pathetically woe-begone as she confessed her own wickedness that I hastened to assure her that I thought it was only a few people who had real dramatic power, just as it was only a few who could become great musicians and painters.

"Yes, but then I am a Corbet, you know, and I couldn't do anything even decently good. Well, never mind," she added, more brightly. "Aunt Nelly has forgiven me, and it doesn't matter now to either of us. It is so delightful living here with her, and hearing nothing about theatres; and gardening; and driving Gray Steel about the country. It is the life, I think, is the most perfect in the world. I can't think what I should do now if we had to give it up."

"You are quite content to give up all your American friends, then?"

"Oh, some of them I should always love dearly. But my step-mother's set were not very nice people; she is on the stage, you know, and so are two of my half-sisters, but quite in a different line from Aunt Nelly. Everybody respects and honors Aunt Nelly; and I am sure they ought. For years and years she had gone on acting, before my father died, when he was in ill health, and mamma was not in good business, that she might support us all, when she knew perfectly well that she would be in agonies of pain all the next day from neuralgia in her spine. How I used to long that I could act then, and earn enough for her to rest! But all the wishing in the world wouldn't help me, I was so stupid."

The tears were in Janie's eyes as she spoke; this failure of hers had evidently been the cause of the deepest remorse she had ever felt. I could not tell her, as I should have liked to do, that she owned a gift as rare, though more modest, than that which she lamented so much to miss—the gift of making a home perfect, and setting every one in it absolutely at ease. How persistently I had to thrust down those jack-in-the-box visions that would keep rising up before me of a small home ruled by a fair-haired little queen, which might not have been forbidden to me as they were had life been brighter before me, and the future less dim and gray! Still, we were friends, and though I never said a word or looked a look which could imply to Janie that my friendship for her differed from my friendship for dear Aunt Nelly, I felt that to call her my friend only made life sweeter to me than it had ever been before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON THE CANAL.

"Come, sailors, landsmen, one and all,
And I'll sing you the dangers of the raging canawl;
For I've been at the mercy of the wind and the waves,
And I'm one of the merry fellows that expects a watery grave.

"We left Albany at about the break of day;
As near as I can remember 'twas the second day of May;
We depended on our driver, though he was very small,
Although we knew the dangers of the raging canawl."

THE shabby, unlovely canal-boat has never found a poet to sing its praises in such numbers as are lavished upon the lordly vessels that plough the main. It is a kind of craft that claims respect from humanity simply on account of its usefulness; and useful it is. Let him who doubts it take his place upon the canal docks of Whitehall, where lie the unshapely argosies that come to our great city like dismantled hulks, with no evidences of the wealth they contain. This locality is the dépôt of the largest proportion of the immense commerce that comes from the great West, the terminus of the most important of the three aquatic lines of transportation to the Atlantic sea-board. In the busy seasons nearly one hundred and fifty canal-boats reach tide-water through the Erie Canal daily, each boat containing more cargo, according to an eminent engineer, than the average railroad train, or more in the aggregate than twenty miles of railroad trains could carry. Yet it has been well said that while the plodding canal-boat attracts no attention, the railway train creates a sensation in every village through which it passes. Standing in the roadway or sweet meadow-land, attention never rests upon the boat that is gliding through the narrow inland water-way. The extent of the system is rarely dreamed of, so methodical and unobtrusive is it; but should a delay occur at one of the locks, in twenty-four hours hundreds of boats would accumulate, with as much grain on board as would feed a nation for a day.

All countries have their canals, but none has shown more enterprise and perseverance than our own in establishing a system of water-ways for the outlet of its vast interior resources. The first undertaking of the kind that was carried to completion was the construction of a canal around the falls in the Connecticut River at South Hadley, Massachusetts, and around Turner's Falls at Montague. It is curious at this day to learn that, for this earliest work of "internal improvement," recourse was had to Holland, and that this first placing of funds in our canal stocks returned as little interest on capital as many subsequent larger operations. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal had its origin in a project of General WASHINGTON for a chain of internal improvements by the route of the Potomac, and across the mountains to the navigable waters which flow into the Ohio; but the enterprise was interrupted by the Revolution. In the fall of 1784 he again took up the subject, and was elected president, in which capacity he served until elected President of the United States. Three years were allowed by the charter for the completion of the work; but many difficulties being encountered, that time passed, and was successively extended five times by the Virginia, and ten times by the Maryland Legislature, till 1820, when it was concluded that the Potomac River could not be so improved as to answer the purpose required. The Board of Public Works in Virginia finally took such measures as resulted in the formation of a new company, by which a continuous canal from Georgetown to Cumberland was completed, and publicly opened in 1850. The greatest canal enterprise ever undertaken in this country was the Erie. This extended water-way, 363 miles long, connecting the Hudson River with Lake Erie, was commenced in 1817, and opened in 1825, having cost the immense sum of $7,602,000. This canal is the property of the State of New York, and is one of the greatest and most important works of its kind in the world. Notwithstanding the contracted scale on which it was originally constructed, it has completely verified the predictions of its projector, DE WITT CLINTON, having been at once extremely profitable as a mercantile speculation, and of singular advantage in a public point of view, not only to the State itself, but to the country generally.

Two names that figure conspicuously in the history of canal construction are those of the famous English nobleman, the Duke of Bridgewater, and his equally famous engineer, the self-instructed JAMES BRINDLEY. To the latter the world owes the scheme of inland navigation independent altogether of natural channels, and intended to afford the greatest facilities for commerce by carrying canals across rivers and through mountains wherever it might be practicable to construct them. It was of BRINDLEY, the self-contained and silent man, uneducated and unskilled in any department of mechanics save his own, that CARLYLE wrote: "The rugged BRINDLEY has little to say for himself; the rugged BRINDLEY, when difficulties accumulate upon him, retires silent, generally to his bed, retires sometimes for three days together to his bed, that he may be in perfect privacy there, and ascertain in his rough head how the difficulties can be overcome. The ineloquent BRINDLEY—behold! he has chained the seas together; his ships do visibly float over valleys, invisibly through the hearts of mountains; the Mersey and the Thames, the Humber and the Severn, have shaken hands. Nature most audibly answers, Yea!" It is curious to remark that the Duke of Bridgewater, the man who did most for the development of the canal system in England, appears to have had a clearer idea in his day of the probable effect that railways would have on his canals than prevailed even sixty or seventy years after, when the invention of the locomotive brought his fears nearer to realization. In a conversation between him and Lord KENYON, the duke's sagacity in matters connected with his main pursuit is illustrated. At a period when he was beginning to reap the profits of his perseverance and sacrifices, Lord KENYON congratulated him on the result. "Yes," he replied, "we shall do well if we can keep clear of those confounded tram-roads."

In our day we look upon canals simply as a means for transporting merchandise, and that in the slowest and most dilatory manner. Our elders, however, have no difficulty in remembering when the canal-boat was a popular conveyance in which to make a journey. Only the restless and impatient patronized post-chaises and private vehicles; the great majority found their way about the country upon the placid waters of the canal. We who are accustomed to compare canal travel with our present luxurious ways of getting about the country can not be expected to do it justice. To fairly appreciate it, we should look at it with the eyes of those stationary beings our forefathers. The following extract from a letter from the English engineer MR. THOMAS GRAHAME to "Canal Proprietors and Traders" puts the amenities and comforts of canal travel in the light in which they appeared to those quiet folk: "The boats are more airy, light, and comfortable than any coach. They permit the passengers to move about from the outer to the inner cabin, and the fares per mile are one penny in the first and three farthings in the second cabin. The passengers are all carried under cover, having also the privilege of an uncovered space. These boats are drawn by two horses, the prices of which may be from £50 to £60 per pair, in stages of four miles in length, which are done in from twenty-two to twenty-five minutes, including stoppages to let out and take in passengers, each set of horses doing three or four stages alternately each day. In fact, these boats are drawn through this narrow and shallow canal at a velocity which many celebrated engineers had demonstrated and the public believed to be impossible." The same document gives a description of the form, capacity, and material used in the construction of passenger-boats. They are stated to be "seventy feet in length, about five and a half feet broad, and but for the extreme narrowness of the canal might be made broader. They carry easily from seventy to eighty passengers, and when required can and have carried upward of a hundred and ten passengers. The entire cost of boat and fittings is about £125. The hulls are formed of light iron plate and ribs, and the covering is of wood and light oiled cloth."

There was one danger in canal travelling, from which the passenger was bound to protect himself by watchfulness, and that was the extreme lowness of the bridges on those canals where only towed barges were used. One of these gave rise to the famous story of the Frenchman who, travelling on a canal-boat, heard the barge-man cry, "Look out!" Obeying the suggestion, and receiving a frightful bump on his head, he cried out, "Dis is a strange contrie, vere dey say 'Look out!' ven dey mean 'Look in!'" That canal-boats have occasionally been wrecked we must conclude from the following jocular description in *Blackwood's Magazine*, though we find no serious account of the transaction: "The dangers of the sea are proverbial, but then they are to a certain extent discounted by the anticipations of those venturous persons who go down to it in ships; but a shipwreck in a Caledonian canal!—who can imagine that scene of horror? The captain's firm but despairing eye! the shrieks of the women and the squalls of the children! the vain efforts to man the boats! the crew upon their knees! confusion! thunder! lightning! etc., etc. Suddenly, in the offing, rescue! Can it be?—yes, a man with a cart-horse! To hail him to heave to, to 'heave to,' to throw him a rope, is the work of a moment, and in less time than it takes to imagine the whole scene the tow-rope tautens, the women cease to yell, the crew arise from their knees, the captain's eye regains its usual expression of idiotically looking out for squalls, and the good ship, rescued from the sunken soda-water bottle on which she had struck, once more stands on her way for Fort Augustus."

Nowadays the romance and the delight, the pleasures of good society, and the prospect of thrilling experiences have all departed from the canal. If a trip be taken, it will be like that made by the artist to whom we are indebted for the pleasant realistic sketch on page 984—full of opportunity to observe the prosperous industries of our country, as shown by the coal and wheat and bricks transported in this way, and varied only by an occasional rain-storm, or the witty sallies of a jocular barge-man. At the same time, if the voyager have a taste for studying strange phases of human nature, he will have plenty of occasion for gratifying it on the canal. All migratory people are interesting, and canal-boat men not less than other nomads. In their vessels they have their homes, their wives, and their children. While they are moving toward the sea-board or to the West, babies are born to them, children are schooled, and young men and women are married. A few own homes on shore, and do not allow their wives to accompany them, but most of them have been brought up in a cabin less spacious than a tent. They are cleanly and moral; the common schools have had no uses for them; but in wandering from hamlet to hamlet, and city to city, they have acquired singularly varied knowledge, and habits at once creditable to themselves and interesting to the observer.

AIN'T WE GETTING ON SWIMMINGLY?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"THOSE suspenders, madam, are long enough for the shortest boy or short enough for the longest man; they will just fit your fine-looking youngster." "Perhaps so; but I don't want to sew buttons on his boot legs. I want them to hold his pants on. Them suspenders is long enough for the Colossus of Rhodes." "Just so, madam; I sold old Coloss a pair out of the same box yesterday."

"'Pears to me you've got a putty slim fire, Mirandy," said a spindling youth, the other night, as he sat in front of the fire-place by the side of a buxom young girl who had no earthly use for him. "Yes," she said, as she wickedly looked at the floor behind him, "it's about all you and the fire can do between you to get up a respectable shadow."

A paper in Memphis relates a case of a beautiful young lady, the daughter of wealthy parents, eloping with an editor. This is as it should be. We thought all along that the young lady would eventually recover from the coachman mania and aspire to the nobility again.

MEDICAL MAN. "And then, with regard to the swelling at the back of your head, I don't apprehend anything serious; but you must keep your eye on it."

Elopement in California is called the "Pacific slope."

HUSBAND. "Why did you get three pairs of shoes, wife? I'm afraid you will not live to wear them out."

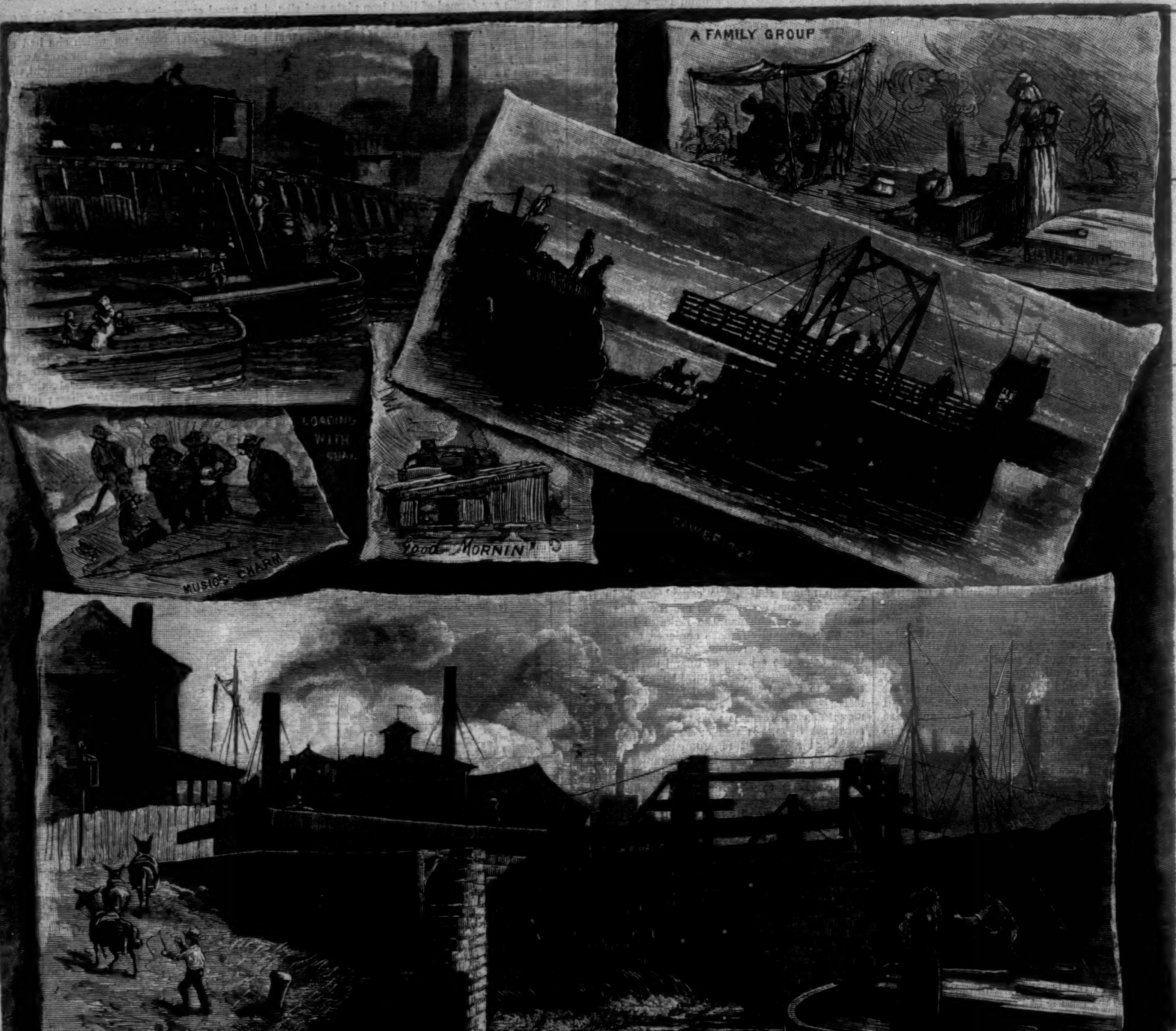
WIFE. "Well, your second wife can wear them out if I don't."

HUSBAND. "Oh, she has a very delicate foot."

LIBERAL ENOUGH.

REV. STRANGER. "What Church is that, my lad?"

NEWSBOY. "Go-as-you-please Church, Sir. Have a paper?"



CANAL LIFE.—Drawn by S. G. McCutchen.—[See Page 991.]

"CHRISTMAS MORNING—AT THE MAST-HEAD."—From a Painting by William Small.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

Possibly—we use the word apologetically—some persons may have become familiar in the course of their reading with the phrase, "benefit of clergy," without acquainting themselves with the origin and importance of the words. These frequently occur in old legal records, and in the general history, profane and ecclesiastical, of past times, when they had a significance which a deeper insight into their meaning will enable us to appreciate. Many treatises on the use and abuse of this clerical privilege have been written, but these questions are not within our province at present. We will merely point out some of the peculiarities of a practice which is among the most ancient of those recorded in the earliest Christian annals.

Their origin may be traced to the regard which was paid by the various princes of Europe to the Church, and to the endeavors of the popes to withdraw the clergy altogether from subjection to secular authority. The earlier kings after the Conquest resisted this ecclesiastical assumption as an interference on their prerogative, but the result was only partial, one instance being the exemption of places consecrated to religious purposes from arrest for crimes, which led to the institution of sanctuaries, and also the exemption of clergymen in certain cases from criminal punishment by secular judges; from this came the benefit of clergy, the claim of the *privilegium clericale*. It was then necessary that the prisoner should appear in his clerical habit and tonsure at trial; but in the course of time this was considered unnecessary, and the only proof required of the offender was his showing to the satisfaction of the court that he could read—a rare accomplishment except among the clergy previous to the fifteenth century. At length all persons who could read, whether clergymen or lay clerks (as they were called in some ancient statutes), were admitted to the benefit of clergy in all prosecutions for offenses to which the privilege extended.

Sir Francis Palgrave, in his *Merchant and Friar*, gives a vivid picture of the proceedings that took place at these trials. A thief had been apprehended in Chepe, in the very act of cutting a purse from the girdle of Sir John de Stapleford, vicar-general of the Bishop of Winchester, and he was condemned to be hung at Tyburn. Louder and louder became the cries of the miserable culprit as he receded from the judges; and just when the sergeants were dragging him across the threshold, he clung to the pillar which divided the portal, shrieking with a voice of agony which pierced through the hall, "I demand of Holy Church the benefit of my clergy!" The thief was replaced at the bar. During the earlier portion of the proceedings the kind-hearted vicar-general had evidently been much grieved and troubled by his enforced participation in the condemnation of the criminal. Stepping forward, he now addressed the court, and entreated permission, in the absence of the proper ordinary, to try the validity of the claim. Producing his breviary, he held the page close to the eyes of the kneeling prisoner; he inclined his ear. The bloodless lips of the ghastly caitiff were seen to quiver. "Legit ut clericus," instantly exclaimed the vicar-general; and this declaration at once delivered the felon from death, though not from captivity. "Take him home to the pit," said the vicar-general, "where, shut out from the light of day and the air of heaven, he will be bound in iron, fed with the bread of tribulation, and drinking the water of sorrow, until he shall have sought atonement for his misdeeds, and expiated his shame."

Sir Thomas Smith, in his *Commonwealth of England* (1565), gives the mannner of administering the test. "The bishop must send one with authority under his seal to be a judge in that matter at every jail-delivery. If the condemned man demandeth to be admitted to his book, the judge commonly giveth him a Psalter, and turneth to what place he will. The prisoner readeth so well as he can (God knoweth sometime very slenderly); then he, the judge, asketh of the bishop's commissary, 'Legit ut clericus?' The commissary must say legit or non legit, for these be words formal, and our men of law be very precise in their words formal. If he say legit, the judge proceedeth no further to sentence of death; if he say non, the judge forthwith proceedeth to judgment."

It appears that the clergy regarded with some jealousy the extension of the privilege to any but of their own order, and a curious instance to this effect is given in the Year-Book, 34th Henry the Sixth, c. 49 (1455). A man indicted of felony claimed the "benefit," upon which the Archdeacon of Westminster Abbey was sent for, who showed him a book, in which the felon read well and fluently. Upon hearing this, the court ordered him to be delivered to the archdeacon on behalf of the ordinary; but the archdeacon refused to take him, alleging that the prisoner was not a clerk. This raised a serious difficulty, and the question was one of particular importance to the prisoner, as the judges deliberated whether he must not of necessity be hanged. Some delay occurred, and meanwhile a more lenient archdeacon being appointed, consented to hear the prisoner read, and thus saved his life. A similar case, which is recorded in the 21st Edward the Fourth (1481), was not so fortunate in the result to the criminal, for the objection to his not being of the Church prevailed, and he was hanged.

As may naturally be supposed, means were taken to defeat justice by cramming an illiterate criminal sufficiently to pass the ordeal. This was, however, an indictable offense. In the 7th Richard the Second (1383) the vicar of Round Church, in Canterbury, was arraigned and tried "for that by the license of the jailer there, he had instructed in reading one William Gore, an approver, who at the time of his apprehension was unlearned."

For the ordeal of the "benefit" the fifty-first psalm was generally selected, and the opening words, Miserere mei Deus, came to be considered what was popularly termed the "neck-verse" par excellence. It appears, however, from what we have quoted from Sir Thomas Smith as the mode of test, that the Scriptures might be opened at any place; and a passage from one of our old writers seems to imply that a particularly difficult psalm might be proposed:

> "At holding up of a hand,
> Though our chaplain can not preach,
> Yet he'll suddenly you teach
> To read of the hardest psalm."

There are several allusions to the "neck-verse" by dramatists and others. Thus, in the *Jew of Malta* we have, "Within forty feet of the gallows conning his neck-verse." In the "History of King Lear":

> "Madame, I hope your grace will stand
> Betweene me and my neck-verse, if I be
> Call'd in question for opening the king's letters."

And in Massinger's *Guardian* (iv., 1):

> "Have not your instruments
> To tune when you should strike up, but twang perfectly
> As you would read your neck-verse."

In "Hudibras" (part iii., c. 1) there is an allusion to the practice of singing a psalm at the gallows; the criminal condemned to be hung who was unable to read a verse in the Psalms was to sing, or at least hear a verse sung, under the gallows before he was turned off. The popular saying among the people was that "if they could not read their neck-verse at the sessions, they must sing it at the gallows."

> "And if they can not read one verse
> I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse."

Scott, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" (Canto I., v. 24), makes Sir William of Deloraine say,

> "And safer by none may thy errand be done
> Than, noble dame, by me;
> Letter nor line know I never a one,
> Were't my neck-verse at Hairebee"—

in allusion to the place of execution for marauders at Carlisle.

On account of the many abuses which attended the practice of benefit of clergy, the subject was taken up in the reign of Henry the Seventh. Burnet, in his *History of the Reformation*, says: "A law of Henry the Seventh for burning in the hand clerks convicted of felony did not prove a sufficient restraint. And when in the fourth year of the following reign it was enacted that all murderers and robbers should be denied the benefit of their clergy, two provisos were added to make the bill pass through the House of Lords: the one for excepting all such as were within the holy orders of bishop, priest, or deacon, and the other that the act should only be in force until the next Parliament. Pursuant to this act, many murderers and felons were denied their clergy, and the law passed on them to the great satisfaction of the nation; but this gave great offense to the clergy, and the Abbot of Winchelcomb said, in a sermon at Paul's Cross, that the act was contrary to the law of God and to the liberties of Holy Church, and that all who had assented to it had, by so doing, incurred the censures of the Church."

Notwithstanding the attempts made to effect some radical changes in the laws of clerical immunities, it is curious that the practice of calling upon a convicted person to read, in order to prove his title to the "benefit," continued until a comparatively late period. A case occurred in 1666 where the bishop's commissary had deceived the court by reporting, contrary to the fact, that a prisoner could read; upon which Chief Justice Kelynge rebuked him severely, telling him "that he had unpreached more that day than he could preach up again in many days," and fined him five marks. It was enacted in the 5th of Anne (c. 6) that the benefit of clergy should be granted to all those who are entitled to it without requiring them to read; and thus the "idle ceremony of reading," as Mr. Justice Foster justly terms it, was finally abolished.

It is singular that previous to the statute 3 and 4 William the Third, which expressly includes women, this privilege of clergy never extended to women, although it is clear that by the canon law nuns were exempted from temporal jurisdiction.

The abolition of benefit of clergy to persons convicted of felony was decreed by a statute passed in the reign of George the Fourth.

A BICYCLE RACE.

In Philadelphia a novel and pleasing addition was made to the out-of-door sports of Thanksgiving-day by the meeting of the largest number of bicyclists ever seen in this country. The riders were members of the Philadelphia and Germantown bicycle clubs, and a number of the "unattached," or those who own machines and ride, but have not joined either of the clubs. Of the pictures illustrating the event that are given on page 984, the largest is that of the meet of the Germantown Club, and represents the members as ready for the start. They are drawn up in double file, each man ready to spring into the saddle, and the captain, already mounted, is giving the bugle call of "Up and away."

The Philadelphia Club met on the asphaltum walk on the Cen-

tennial Grounds, between the Main Building and Memorial Hall, and from there they rode up Belmont Avenue to the point where they expected to meet the riders from Germantown. These were soon seen "coasting" down the long asphalted slope of Chamouni Hill, and coming toward their would-be escort at a terrific pace. "Coasting" consists in throwing the legs up over the handles and allowing the bicycle to rush of its own impetus down hill. It can only be done with safety where the road is perfectly smooth, hard, and free from obstructions; but, under such conditions, bicycle coasting affords one of the most glorious and exhilarating of sensations, and, next to ballooning, its motion most nearly resembles the flight of a bird.

The united clubs and unattached riders, numbering nearly sixty in all, then proceeded to the Main Exhibition Building, where one of the captains put them through a drill, the intricate evolutions of which they managed with great skill. At a bugle call the long line of riders in single file would change to double file, then four and six abreast, and as quickly back to single. The wheeling and turning were performed with the accuracy of a body of well-drilled cavalry, and the large gathering of spectators applauded the fine points of the drill most heartily. The drill was ended with some fine exhibitions of speed, and after an hour thus spent in the hall, the riders started for a run of a dozen miles or so over the country roads, their athletic forms, set off by the close-fitting bicycle suits, attracting admiration wherever they went.

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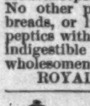

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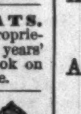

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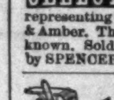

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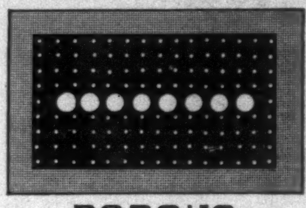

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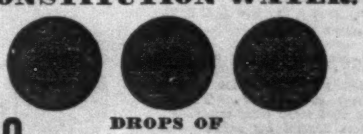

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